THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

MANNERS.

VOL. III.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey.

MANNERS:

A NOVEL.

—— Dicas hic forsitan unde
Ingenium par materiæ. JUVENAL.

Je sais qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot pour le lire. FRED. LE GRAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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...ARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR...

MANNERS.

CHAPTER I.

——— Whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings.
CHURCHILL.

THE lady who did the honours of Mr. O'Sullivan's house to our English travellers, on the night of their arrival at Ballinamoyle, Miss Fitzcarril by name, was in person extremely tall; and a carriage of extraordinary uprightness gave her, with a stiffness, a dignity also of appearance. Her face, though good natured in expression, was, at that period, rather plain; but yet sufficient evidence remained to corrobo-

rate her own frequent assertion, that "she had once been a fine woman;" in making which she flattered herself her auditors would imply, that she took the same license which the structure of a venerable language sometimes permits, of understanding, at pleasure, different tenses by the same word; and that they would from the past infer the present. In dress and manner she was old fashioned, but stately, generally wearing garments made of the antique tabinets and satins she inherited from her grandmother, and which, from the unbending nature of the material, would have stood alone, nearly in as erect a posture as that they maintained when encompassing her perpendicular figure; a double clear starched handkerchief, which Mr. Desmond wickedly called her transparency, enveloped her neck; and the costume of her person was completed by a fine muslin apron of curious work, derived from her own, or her progenitors' industry. Her headdress was the only part of her attire which was ever varied, and in this she was fantastic

in the extreme, composing it of the most showy materials, and wearing in her caps and turbans colours only fit for the young and beautiful. Every acquaintance who visited Galway, Limerick, or Clare, was sure to have a commission to buy a cap or bonnet for Miss Fitzcarril; and the more *outré* in form and colour, the better pleased she was with their purchase. She was, in mind, the most singular mixture of pride and parsimony that was perhaps ever compounded; the one she derived from her highly valued ancestry, the other from her own peculiar fate, and a mistaken idea of principle; and she reconciled her frugality and her dignity, by declaring that "the Fitzcarrils and O'Sullivans needn't trouble their heads about what any one said of them; *every body* knew they were come of the kings of Connaught, and had a good right to do as they pleased." In early life she had lived in extreme poverty, and then had learned the ideas of management she afterwards laboured to enforce at Ballinamoyle. Mr. O'Sullivan had been de-

prived of his wife a few years before he had also the misfortune to lose his only child; and on the death of this beloved daughter, he chose Theresa Fitzcarril from amongst his female relatives, to superintend his establishment, at the same time settling a comfortable provision on her, in case she should survive himself; which he considered a mere act of justice, for he foresaw that the retirement of his residence would condemn her to a life of solitude and celibacy, the two precise circumstances which least accorded with her own wishes. Theresa, on her part, actuated by an excess of pride, resolved she would cancel her pecuniary obligations, not only to her original benefactor, but to his heir, by saving for the family a sum more than equivalent to all she should ever receive from it. She therefore endeavoured (though without much success) to introduce a system of penury at Ballinamoyle, that, had its owner been aware of her proceedings, he would not have suffered, as it was diametrically opposite to his wishes; he seldom however inquired

into the *minutiæ* of his household; and indifferent to every thing, after the loss of his daughter, he permitted Theresa to do nearly as she pleased; and when he did object to any of her practices, she was so obstinate, that he found he must, to get rid of them, get rid of herself also with them, and this he never could resolve on; but consoled himself with the usual reflection of his countrymen, when trouble is necessary to avoid any thing unpleasant, "It will do well enough, my time won't be long." Miss Fitzcarril sought to relieve the monotony of her life by indulging in constant speculation. In every lottery she had a sixteenth share of a ticket; and to ascertain what she might possess in the *matrimonial lottery*, had frequent and protracted conferences with all the tribes of cup-tossers, card-cutters, and deaf and dumb men and women, who infested the country as fortune-tellers,—"Who blind could every thing foresee"—"Who dumb could every thing foretell." This pleasure however Miss Fitzcarril was obliged to indulge in secret, as Mr. O'Sul

livan and the worthy priest, who was his domestic pastor, used their best endeavours to banish this race of vagabonds from every place they had influence in; so that when she consulted any of these oracles, she was obliged to conceal herself and them in some remote cabin; but perhaps the impediment thus thrown in the way of this favourite indulgence made her but the more keenly enjoy and still more pertinaciously persist in the practice, notwithstanding the reiterated penances imposed for this offence by the good father Dermoody, which, though she ventured to commit, she did not dare to suppress at confessional. A family of the name of Stewart wandered about the country, presenting papers signed by respectable names, setting forth, that "their progenitors had been shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, about a century ago—that the whole race were deaf and dumb—but that Providence, in compensation, had bestowed on them the gift of second sight." To the predictions of a dumb woman, who claimed this name,

and proved she was deaf, by showing that nature had left her unprovided with ears*, Theresa gave the most implicit credit. This Pythoness had learned to write the printed character, and to draw rude representations of ships, trees, men, and animals, which she described on a board with a piece of white chalk; and of these hieroglyphics those who consulted her made what sense best pleased them. A sharp boy, who had all his senses in full activity, never failed to accompany her; apparently to assist in expounding her text, but, in reality, to collect information, which, by the language of signs, he certainly conveyed to his fellow conjuror, at the most *à-propos* moment, as no body concealed from him the information she was supposed to be (humanly speaking) ignorant of;

> "Tout cela bien souvent faisoit crier miracle!
> Enfin quoique ignorant à vingt et trois carats,
> Elle passoit pour un oracle!"

* This account of the Stewart family is not fictitious, either as to name or circumstance.

In their last conference Judy Stewart had given Miss Fitzcarril the following enigma:—A rose rudely drawn, followed by the words "of vargins,"—then, a ship in full sail—then, three suns—and lastly, a man, four times as big as the ship, holding a candle in one hand, and a ring in the other. The exposition Barny and the curious spinster gave of this was as follows:—"The flower of virgins," that is, the eldest daughter of the direct branch of the O'Sullivan family, was coming from beyond sea, and would arrive at Ballinamoyle, as soon as the sun had risen three times, bringing in her train a great personage (expressed by his extraordinary size,) who would, in winter, designated by the candle, bestow the wedding ring on the fair Theresa Fitzcarril. Judy Stewart's credit was luckily saved by the horses, which our travellers so unexpectedly procured at Tuberdonny, fulfilling the first part of the prediction; and in Mr. Webberly the credulous maiden saw the hero, who was to accomplish that part which related to herself.

Extremes are popularly said to meet, which, we suppose, may naturally account for the Connaught sibyls' most zealous friend and powerful enemy residing at Ballinamoyle. The latter was the reverend father Dermoody, who filled the office of spiritual guide to its owner. He was well informed in mind, and gentlemanly in manners; two circumstances but rarely united in the Irish priests, who are generally taken from a low order in society, and do not usually carry an appearance impressive of the respect, to which most of them are entitled by their real worth. Mr. Dermoody was a relation of the late Mrs. O'Sullivan, and had embraced the priesthood from the influence of early disappointment, which had disgusted him with the world, and led him to devote himself to a religious life for consolation. He pursued his theological studies in one of the French colleges, and was deliberating on entering into a monastic order of great austerity, when he received a letter from his present patron, acquainting him with his mar-

riage, and offering him the situation of chaplain to his family, which Dermoody's better stars induced him to accept. For many years he bestowed on the education of his relative's lovely daughter all of his time and thoughts, which were not devoted to his sacred functions; and, since her death, he had been the consolation of her desolate father, and a blessing to the poor of the vicinity. As he however avoided society in general, he was not introduced to our travellers on the night of their arrival, but they then made acquaintance with Miss Fitzcarril's constant and obsequious attendant, Captain Cormac, so called by common consent, though he had never risen in the army higher than a lieutenant, the half pay of which rank was his only subsistence, independent of Mr. O'Sullivan's bounty. Though of a different religious persuasion, his family had long been tenants and retainers of that at Ballinamoyle; and this member of it, on the strength of his red coat, was considered a gentleman, and, as such, was every day admitted to Mr. O'Sulli-

van's table, and made up his card party in the winter's evenings, generally returning at night to the house of a better sort of steward, living on the demesne, who managed the Ballinamoyle property, its owner charging himself with the expenses there incurred by Captain Cormac.

This son of Mars, conscious of the deficiency of his pedigree, very unknowingly endeavoured to prove his title to the character of a gentleman, by paying the most anxious and unremitting attention to the fair sex in general, and to Miss Fitzcarril in particular; for, in consequence of his living in this sequestered situation, he was totally unsuspicious of the improvements in modern manners, which lead so many of our youth to suppose, that a neglect of the ladies they associate with, not unfrequently amounting almost to rudeness, is an indispensable requisite in the deportment of every fashionable beau; but perhaps some of our readers will suggest an excuse for Captain Cormac's ignorant simplicity, by acknowledging that beau and gentleman

are not always synonymous terms. Mr. O'Sullivan for instance, was certainly no beau, though perfectly a gentleman. As this word, in our humble opinion, conveys a character that is almost all "that the eye looks for," or "the heart desires" in man, we will not weaken its inexpressible worth by paraphrase, but hope the actions of the person it has here been applied to will establish his claim to the most noble appellation the English language boasts of.

CHAPTER II.

O! live—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last!
MONTGOMERY.

ON the morning after her arrival at Ballinamoyle, Adelaide was forcibly struck with the strange coincidence of circumstances that had conducted her to this place, so remote from the scenes in which she had once expected to have passed her life. That day two years, she had no expectation of becoming an inhabitant of the British isles; and one fortnight had just elapsed since she received Mrs. O'Sullivan's letter, announcing her intention of undertaking the journey they had accomplished. Her meeting with Colonel Desmond seemed like seeing an

inhabitant of another world, who could dive into thoughts, and was acquainted with occurrences unknown to those she was surrounded by. Though but four years had revolved since they last met, from the unexpected nature of the events that had marked them, they seemed, to memory, longer in duration than all those which had smoothly rolled away, ere their giant days rose on the wheel of fate, robed in the strongest hues of joy or sorrow. She felt grieved her journey was now at an end, as she had derived much amusement from it, and knew she should, in future, associate much less with Colonel Desmond. "I wonder, (thought she,) what description of being this Mr. O'Sullvan is, we have come so far to see—Poor little Caroline! I hope he will be more affectionate to her than her mother and sisters are."

When Adelaide repaired to the breakfast room, and proceeded to open the door, her hand trembled on the lock, for she heard Caroline's joyous voice within, followed by an expression of fondness;

and recollected, with bitterness of heart, that in that room was no relative, who would greet her entrance with a face of gladness.—She could not go in at that moment, and retreated a few steps. "Why am I so overpowered this morning? (thought she,) I ought to be more than usually happy, in reflecting, that dearest Caroline is this day introduced to her father's family; the happy one will soon arrive, when I shall be restored to mine, so *coûte qui coûte*, I go in." Armed with this magnanimous resolution, she entered the room, and her eyes were instantly attracted by one of the most venerable figures she had ever beheld. An old gentleman, dressed in mourning, was sitting with little Caroline on his knee; his face, as he bent his gray head to gaze on her infant beauties, was expressive of every benevolent feeling, whilst his dignified figure impressed the beholder with an awe, which was tempered, but not entirely removed, by the benignity of his countenance. In him was seen all that was reverend in age—in the cherub he

caressed all that was blooming in youth. Her silken hair hung, in waving ringlets, on a cheek that mocked the rose's hue; her transparent skin showed the blue veins, that meandered on a brow as spotless as the mountain snow. The dark blue eye, that threw its melting ray on his, seemed to call forth fires that long had slept beneath those silver brows; and as her ivory arm hung round his neck, the youthful softness of her hand was more than usually apparent from the contrast it formed with the withered cheek it pressed. "Dearest Caroline! may he prove a fond parent to you!" was the ardent wish of Adelaide's heart, as she gazed on the happy child, and her venerable relative. Mr. O'Sullivan, looking up, rose to receive her; and the little girl, springing gaily forward, took her hand, saying, "This is my own dear Adele Wildenheim, I told you about, uncle; I love her better than any body in the world; if you will let me live with you, and will keep her too, I shall be so happy!" Whilst Caroline looked in-

quiringly up in his face to read the success of her proposition; the old man smiled on the lovely girl thus introduced to him, and holding out his hand cordially to her, said, "Your name is well known to me, Miss Wildenheim. Baron Wildenheim was the friend and benefactor of my deceased brother, and his child is truly welcome to my roof." Adelaide's cheek glowed with the most vivid blushes as she felt a tear trickle down; the accents faltered on her lips when she attempted to speak, and a deep sigh burst from Mr. O'Sullivan's breast as he recollected, that the daughter he had lost in the bloom of youth was, in his eyes at least, as lovely as the beautiful girl they now rested on.

At this moment Miss Fitzcarril and Mrs. O'Sullivan entered the room; the latter acting the amicable, aspired to rest her fat hand on the bony arm of the stately Theresa, who, with smiles of unconscious exultation at her own towering height, and with an air of condescension, bent her long neck over her right

shoulder, towards her rotund companion, as if the words she addressed to her would not otherwise be within hearing distance. The one stalked forward, sweeping after her a long train of the thickest tabinet; the other (though certainly not a figure for a Zephyr) fluttered in gauze, whose transparent texture a Roman would have compared to "the woven wind," her habiliment being about as long as that of the sapient dame well known in nursery history, after her unfortunate rencontre with the mischievous pedler.

When Mrs. O'Sullivan espied her brother-in-law, she bustled up to him with an appearance of lively pleasure; but an observer, with half the penetration of Adelaide, might have seen a temporary expression of disappointment cloud his features, as from his brother he had never received the slightest hint, that might lead him to form an idea of what she really was, either in manner or appearance; and the beauty of her daughter and elegance of her ward had made him

expect to find her far different in both; however, this expression was but transient, and he received her with his usual hospitality, and told her with much warmth and sincerity, how much he admired the charming little Caroline. The Miss Webberlys and their brother made their appearance shortly after Mrs. O' Sullivan's entrance; and the groupe were all assembled round the breakfast-table when Father Dermoody came into the room, whom Miss Fitzcarril and the master of the house rose to receive with the utmost respect, whilst his manner united the humility he felt as a man with the dignity he derived from his sacred office. When he approached them, the motion of his hand, and the raised expression of his countenance, told Adelaide that he passed that silent benediction she had so often witnessed abroad. His benevolent looks seemed to extend it to all, though a slight tinge on his cheek, and a half mournful glance of his eye, betrayed that he felt it would be scorned by some. A reverential bend of

Adelaide's graceful figure, and the mild seriousness that chastened her smile of acknowledgement as her eye met his, conveyed to the venerable priest that she at least understood him, and thankfully received his pious aspirations. He looked in vain for the sign, that should have marked their conformity of faith, and sighed deeply, then muttered half under his breath, "In all else how like!"

The English ladies soon found Miss Fitzcarrill's gunpowder tea quite too potent for their nerves, and diluted it in a manner that astonished her; for this good lady, in her extensive patronage of vagrants, included smugglers and pedlers, from whom she procured the finest teas and brandies, for to these articles her ideas of parsimony did not extend; and as she kept the latter entirely for her male friends, she thought the former in their utmost strength the peculiar beverage of the fair sex, and now wondered where these ladies could have been brought up, not to understand the merits of gunpowder tea at a guinea a pound!

In the course of the morning Mr. O'Sullivan took his usual promenade in front of his house; and here he appeared in all his glory. In one promiscuous groupe were assembled the heads of the families his tenantry comprised, with every other man, woman, or child, that could leave home to get a peep at the newly-arrived guests, whose appearance at Ballinamoyle had been looked for with more curiosity than pleasure. For Mr. O'Sullivan was universally beloved, and the superstitious ideas of his tenantry made them regard the arrival of his heiress as an omen of his own death; besides they very naturally dreaded this property being given to people unattached to them, and unacquainted with their customs. As the ladies stood at the open windows in front of the house to gaze at the strange assemblage, many were the remarks their appearance called forth. According to custom, every domestic went out in turn to "collogue," as they call it, with their favourite Judy or Barny; and as Caroline stood on the

window-seat with Adelaide's protecting arm round her waist, she was repeatedly pointed out to the inquirers. But as the Irish seldom have patience to listen to more than half a sentence, when their minds are intent on any new subject, Caroline's companion was by most of the crowd taken for the object of their search. "She is a beautiful young lady, and looks loving and kind." "She's about the height of poor Miss Rose." "Ochone, she was the darling! Sun or moon will ne'er shine on the likes of her again; and while grass grows and water runs, she'll ne'er be forgot out of Ballinamoyle!" These and many similar expressions proceeded from the lips of the elder part of the assembly, whilst the unconscious object of their remarks entertained herself in viewing the various groupes it consisted of.

Close after Mr. O'Sullivan walked his steward, hat in hand, to receive his orders, or answer his questions respecting the numerous petitioners who from time approached him. Whenever he turned

towards the crowd, every man's hat was instantaneously taken off in the most respectful manner—every woman's petticoat, however short, touched the ground in her curtsy. Sundry sturdy little urchins were thumped on the back for being rather tardy in paying his honour proper respect; and a sulky reverence brought more than one little girl to the ground, as her mother used no very gentle means to expedite her motions; whilst many a rosy child had its plump cheek or white head stroked for being "mannerly." When Mr. O'Sullivan's levee had lasted as long as he wished, and when he had granted potato ground, and grazing ground, and firing ground, and had remitted fines for trespasses innumerable, his steward gave the usual signal, and the crowd dispersed to idle away the rest of the morning:—an idle evening was a thing of course.

Miss Fitzcarril now proceeded to perform that ceremony always observed in a country house—of showing it, however unworthy it may be of exhibition. This

old-fashioned edifice had been built by the present proprietor's grandfather with the materials of an ancient monastery, which had fallen to ruin on its site, which was made choice of for the convenience of communicating by a covered passage with the remaining chapel—a venerable and beautiful structure, that had been preserved in perfect repair. Over the hall door, at the top of the house, appeared the family arms cut in stone, and underneath the name of the builder and the date of the year when it was finished, in order, as Miss Webberly wittily remarked, "to claim the stolen goods by, should any one take it up on their backs and run away with it." The rooms were large and well built, and as uniformly square as a bricklayer's line could make them. The furniture was substantial, and, like Miss Fitzcarril, had been handsome in its day; but it survived its contemporaries, and the present race thought it heavy and sombre. The house had altogether a desolate appearance, and, like the Canal Inn, could rarely boast of

a perfect bell or lock. In the part of the house which adjoined the chapel, Mrs. O'Sullivan frequently turned the lock of a door she passed by in traversing the various passages; and her guide always said with unusual seriousness, "You can't go in there, madam;" at last the question was asked "Why?" and was answered, with a deep sigh, "That was *poor Rose's* apartment; nobody has ever been in it since she died but her father and poor nurse." "Then what a pity," rejoined Mrs. O'Sullivan, "not to block up the windows; let me see, three rooms back to the chapel, one, two, three, four, five, six windows—all that much taxes for nothing!" "Block up the windows of poor Rose's apartment! Blessed powers defend me!—Child!" said the angry Theresa turning to Caroline, with a vehemence of gesture and sternness of aspect that made the trembling infant, while she looked fearfully up in her face, tightly clasp her arms round Adelaide, "if you ever own this place, take care that you pay respect to every relict of your cousin;

it would be as much as any one's life's worth to put an affront upon her memory."

Though Mrs. O'Sullivan could not see this apartment, she was resolved to inspect every other nook of the house, kitchens and store-rooms inclusive. In the latter she was surprised to see huge barrels of oaten meal and dried fish, with numerous casks of whisky. Suspended over head hung the cured carcases of three cows and five pigs, ready to supply the place of their fellows in the principal kitchen. As they passed down one of the back stair-cases, they saw in the court yard a number of men and boys, waiting for the chance of casual employment about the house. The men were muffled up in great coats, buttoned about their necks, the empty sleeves hanging at their sides; some leaning against the walls, some lying on their stomachs basking in the sun; others asleep in various postures; the boys dancing, or playing backgammon, which they managed by squares traced on the ground,

whilst one called out the numbers at random, which answered the purpose of dice; others wrestling, sometimes throwing each other down on the sleepers, who just raised their heads to give a volley of oaths, and turned to sleep again. The unexpected entrance of the ladies into the kitchen put to flight a covey of char-women, who seemed to think they had all the business of the world on their hands. As strange servants were in the house, they had determined to keep up the "dacency of Ballinamoyle," by dressing themselves in their best; but being now at their work (that is, running in each other's way, at the same time talking unceasingly) all their petticoats were pinned up about their middle, except a very short dicky; their shoes and stockings were—not on their feet and legs, but on the kitchen tables and hot hearths, and the ears of their mob caps were pinned over the crowns of their heads to keep them clean and the wearers cool. There was a constant shouting to the boys in the yard to run inces-

sant messages. At the moment of Mrs. O'Sullivan's first appearance, the cook called out of the kitchen window, "Do you hear, Barny, make aff to Jarge Quin for a slip of parsley :—do you mind, be back in a crack." No sooner was Barny dispatched than she shouted again: "Jimmy! Jimmy Maloony I say, rin for your life, and make ould Jarge sind the fruit for the pies." When the ladies proceeded to the servants' hall, there was an old piper playing, and three girls dancing, that Miss Fitzcarril thought were busy spinning and sewing. "Get along, you incorrigibly idle sluts," said she, and they were off in a trice; but it was out of Scylla into Charybdis, for two or three of the "cutty sarks," who had been muddling in the kitchen, met them in the passage, where they had been drawn by hearing "the mistress spaking mad angry;" and each seizing her own daughter, and thumping her well, said, "I'll pay you for your jigging, indeed my lady!" Close to the servants' hall was a man cleaning knives; he had

taken off his coat and waistcoat, one shoulder appeared through a great hole in the back of his shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled up to the elbow, and it was open down to the waist. He had neither shoes nor stockings on, and thus his legs and arms, with the greater part of his back and breast, were naked; the skin that covered them was nearly of a copper colour; his head was crowned with thick, short, curly, black hair, and his unshaved face presented a luxuriant crop of the same sable material. "What a number of men servants you keep! pray what compacity does that one fill?" inquired Mrs. O'Sullivan. "Madam," replied her *cicerone* (all her pride colouring her face) "since the world was a world, no such sarving man as that ever belonged to the name of O'Sullivan! That's Black Frank, the fool, who comes in to do odd jobs now and again." Black Frank was an itinerant "innocent," who scoured knives, cleared out ashes, or did any job the servants of the houses he frequented were too lazy to perform

themselves. He was capricious in his fancies, and never staid long in any one place, but blessed all his acquaintance in turn. As Mrs. O'Sullivan went up stairs, she said to herself, "It will be another guess matter when Caroline rules the roast; I'll soon pack off all these here wagabonds and ramscallions about their business; she'd be a sight the richer if these warlets didn't eat up her uncle's fortin. There's one comfort, he can't live long; when he dies, I'll make this stately madam and all take to their heels!"

Mrs. O'Sullivan, however, was aware of but a small part of what she considered her daughter's wrongs; for her brother-in-law, though he had renounced all society himself, except that of a few distant relatives, and his friends the Desmonds, authorized his servants to bring their kindred and "cronies" to his servants' hall, to eat, drink, and be merry. From twenty to thirty people sat down to dinner there every day, and on Saturdays and holydays a great many more. And

the song and the jest went round amongst the careless crew, accompanied by the boisterous laugh of rustic mirth. The young men and women amused themselves of a winter's evening dancing jigs, whilst their elders " kept the fire warm," telling stories of the days of old, superstitious legends, or recounting the omens each had observed previous to the death of the ever lamented Miss Rose.

CHAPTER III.

When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's
maids?
Thy sleep is long in the tomb, and the morning
distant far.
The Sun shall not come to thy bed and say, "Awake,
Darthula!
Awake, thou first of women!"

DARTHULA.

WHEN the ladies retired to the drawing-room after dinner, Miss Fitzcarril proposed walking. Mrs. O'Sullivan was anxious that Adelaide and Caroline should study the good of their health by this exercise, but pleaded fatigue as an excuse for declining the promenade herself, wishing to profit by the opportunity their absence would afford, to interrogate Theresa as to the nature and extent of the Ballinamoyle property, and a thousand other *et cetera*. Her two elder daughters, to whom she had before dinner mentioned

her distress at having her anxiety for information on this subject so *long* unsatisfied, understood her manœuvre, and remained to assist in the gratification of their mutual curiosity. Adelaide and Caroline accordingly set out on their ramble. Miss Fitzcarril, in her anxious civility, attended them as far as the hall door; she had scarcely reached it, when a voice accosted her with "I want to spake a word to you, Miss Teree—za." "Well, nurse!" "Will you be plased to give me some whisky for Jimmy Maloony —the paltry fellow! he let the dinner fall bringing it up, and the spalpeen has cut his leg very bad; but it was God saved the puddin, Miss!" Adelaide's eyes were attracted towards the speaker, and she saw a fresh coloured old woman, dressed in a rich flowered silk gown, underneath which appeared a pair of coarse shoes and worsted stockings. The gown was open before, and would have trailed on the ground, had it not been turned back and pinned up behind, just to touch the edge of a striped green stuff

petticoat, which was surmounted in front with a fine linen apron as white as snow. Her gray hair was rolled back over a cushion, and a mob cap was pinned under her chin, the head piece ornamented with a cherry coloured riband put once round her head, the ends turned back again just to the ears, and a flat bow pinned on in front. It was not surprising that the silk gown, which nurse wore in honour of the strangers' arrival, should be old fashioned in make and texture, as she had received it, according to custom, on the day Mr. O'Sullivan's daughter had cut her first tooth. Miss Fitzcarril, before she complied with the old woman's demands, directed Adelaide how best to proceed from the hall door, to the following effect: "Do you see that walk to the right? well, then you're not to go down that, only just as far as the old oak, and then there is another to the left, mind you don't take that, it leads to the shaking bog, but keep strait forward, and that will bring you round and round to the back of the house." From which it

appeared that they were neither to turn to the right nor the left, but to proceed in a strait line, which would conduct them home in a circle from the front to the back of the house!

When the two young ladies set off, Miss Fitzcarril returned to nurse; and while she felt for a key, amongst its numerous fellows at the bottom of a pocket long enough to cover *her* arm up to the elbow, shaking it two or three times in a manner that showed what metal she carried; the ancient dame said to her, "Our young lady that is to be, is the making of a pretty girl, God bless her! But I'd rather it was her comrade, she has more of the portly air and jaunteel walk of the O'Sullivans than any of them. The others are no great shakes of ladies. But it's none of them all would be a patch upon my sweet Rose if she was alive! Och Rose dear, why did you lave your ould mammy to go wid a foreigner? Wouldn't his honour have given ye gould to eat if ye chose it, and weren't you as merry as a grig the

live long day? It's but little you're happier, now you're a blessed angel in Heaven, for you lament ye for your poor father and ould nurse; and you're not a whit beautifuller or better than you were here. Many's the mass we say for your sowl; but ye're fitter to pray for us poor sinful craturs than we for you. Weary on ye, Limerick, that ever ye rose on the face of God's earth, for ye lost me my sweet child." The poor old woman beat her breast as this burst of sorrow escaped her lips, and the tears rolled down the furrows of her aged cheeks in torrents. "Nurse! nurse!" said Theresa, sobbing, "don't take on so; if your master sees or hears you, you'll make him ill again: you know what trouble he was in this morning, and that he wouldn't have the first sight of the little girl before mortal breathing, but sent for her to his own room." "Well, well, I'll soon lay my gray head in under the sod; it isn't fit a poor cratur like me should mislist his honour." When Miss Fitzcarril had composed herself, and dispatched nurse

with a "drap of comfort" to the kitchen, she returned to the drawing-room, and then answered the interrogatories her visitors put to her in such a manner, as much to strengthen the favourable impression, which the marshalling of the tenantry had made on their minds in the morning; and, without giving any one direct answer, managed to exalt her own and her cousin's consequence considerably in their estimation.

Theresa, keeping ever in mind the fortune-teller's prediction, which she graciously interpreted in young Webberly's favour, was extremely anxious to ingratiate herself with his mother and sisters, and therefore had by this time almost forgiven the former her proposition of blocking up the windows of the revered apartment, as well as the affronting supposition, that Black Frank appertained to the regular establishment of Ballinamoyle; and the wheedling civility Mrs. O'Sullivan showed her, encouraged her hopes and her efforts; more especially as Jack, in compliance

with his parent's wishes, had been particularly attentive to her in the course of the day. Mrs. O'Sullivan had that morning convinced her children it was for their interest, that Caroline should be her uncle's heiress, as she promised in that case not to leave her any of her own riches. She had been induced to hold out this bribe to them, from perceiving the extreme rudeness with which they were inclined to treat all around them, which she feared would disgust their host, whose uniform urbanity was not less conspicuous.

With the Miss Webberlys, interest was scarcely a counterpoise to ill temper, conceit, and *ennui;* and therefore their deportment varied every half hour, according to the feeling of the moment. But in the composition of their brother, ill nature had not been added to folly and presumption; he was therefore constant in his endeavours to please, in which he was also encouraged by the hopes, that the success of this scheme might "put the old lady in a good humour, and make

her come down handsomely when he married Miss Wildenheim, which he would as soon as they returned to England, please the pigs." Of the young lady's being pleased he had little doubt; "her being so confoundedly shy was all a sham."

Whilst Miss Fitzcarril and Mrs. O' Sullivan were playing against each other, in the conversation which took place between them in the drawing-room, Adelaide and Caroline pursued their ramble. At a little distance from the house, one of the most beautiful scenes in nature presented itself to their view.—A lake, of considerable extent, rose from the bosom of rocky hills, whose bold forms were reflected in its pellucid waters. It contained several islands, some with fine trees, some grazed by cattle, and covered with the most brilliant verdure. On the centre island stood the ruins of an old castle half covered with ivy. To the south of the lake was a fine champaign country, and behind the house rose a beautiful hill of great height, covered from the base to the summit with an in-

digenous wood. To the right a narrow defile opened into a wild and romantic country, showing mountains of the most picturesque forms. The varied lights, which the declining sun threw on this enchanting scene, gave it every beauty of exquisite colouring. "Oh! look there, Adele!" said Caroline, "doesn't the lake and its islands look as if it was let down from Heaven by that beautiful rainbow that touches it at both sides? Oh, how I should like to walk up it!" "And then," thought Adelaide, as she looked at the lovely child, "you might join the company of the sylphs, whilst they 'pleas'd untwist the sevenfold threads of light.'" Just at this moment an odd looking man came close up, and taking off an old regimental cap, said, "I see you're some of the strange quality ladies; you're quite out of the right track,"— (rather surprising after Miss Fitzcarril's explicit directions.) "I'll show ye'z round the place, and take ye'z to the garden, if you're agreeable." "Thank you, my good man, I shall be much

obliged to you: pray may I ask your name?"—"They call me Jarge Quin at the big house, Miss, because I was so long at the wars, where I lost my right eye. I'm his honour's gardiner; and a brave kind master he is til me, the Lord love him!" Jarge proceeded to do the honours; and delighted by the questions Adelaide asked, became more than usually loquacious. "Thon mountain that's foreninst ye, Miss, (said he,) is Croagh Patrick; on the top of it is an altar, where many a good Christian goes to tell their padereenes, on Patricksmas day. It's the very self same spot where St. Patrick stood, when he called all the snakes and toads, and varmint of all sorts, up the one side, and bid them, and their heirs for ever, go down the t'other intil the sea, and be aff till Inglant; and that's the rason the folks over the water have been so hard with us, ever since that blessed day, no blame to you, Miss." "And what's that mountain, shaped like a sugar loaf, more to the south?" "I don't know what name the quality give

it, Miss; but we semples call it, *Altoir na Griene**, the name they say it had in ould times, afore St. Patrick stood on the other mountain."

"Do you see that ould castle there, over aginst ye, in the lake? That's where the family used to live, afore the new house was built, seventy year agone next Hollontide; and now the good people dance in it every moonlight night."

"And, pray, who are the good people?"

"The little people, Miss, the fairies.—Many's the time Judy Maloony sees them chasing other, when they slide down the moon beams, to play swing swang on the stalks of the ivy leaves.—And, she says, they sail across the lake in butter cups, to the lavender hedge in the garden, when it's in flower, to make themselves caps and jackets; and she gathers the thistle's beard, to sarve them for threads, afore the sun sets, and as sure as you live, there's never a bit of it there in the morning.

* "The altar of the sun." Grieneus was one of the names of Apollo in the Grecian temples.

"Do you see that big stone, Miss, a little up the mountain there? That by the side of the stream they call the goulden river; and that's the place the boys and girls sit, of a summer's evening, to steal unknownst upon the Loughrie men—ould men, about as big as my hand, looking as sour as you plase; but if you'll thrape it out to them, ye won't let them aff when ye catch them—they'll show you a power of gould they've hid in under the earth."

Adelaide, though highly amused herself, thought she would give audience to Jarge another time, not thinking his conversation very edifying to Caroline, who, with "locks thrown back, and lips apart," was eagerly listening to every word he said; and therefore proposed returning home. But Jarge, looking much disappointed, said,—"Och! and won't ye be plased just to step intil the gardin? it's in iligant order for ye'z just now; I doubt ye'll never see it as nate again." Accordingly they were ushered into a walled garden, three *Irish* acres in extent, well

stocked with vegetables; but at least one third of it was planted with potatoes. It however produced a quantity of fruit, which almost exhausted Theresa's patience in preserving for herself and her friends the Desmonds; for he would have been a bold wight, that would have ventured to suggest to one of the name of O'Sullivan the propriety of selling fruit. It was much more consonant to their dignity to let, what they or their friends could not consume, rot under the trees. A great gate opened on a gravel walk (besides the entrance door) on which Mr. O'Sullivan's father had driven his coach and four all round the walks. But these walks, though just then, as Jarge Quin said, in "iligant order," were not usually remarkable for neatness. In their progress round the garden, they came to a very beautiful flower bed, and Adelaide put out her hand to pull a rose that tempted her sight.—Jarge hastily stopped her, saying, "You're welcome, as the flowers of May, to any thing, but that, at Ballina-

moyle; his honour will have that himself the morra. Before I went to the wars, I dug the place for Miss Rose to plant the tree with her own beautiful hands. In the bed we always put the same sorting of flowers, after the very moral of what she left them; and no soul ever pulls them but his honour, and nurse Delany, who dresses the altar, in Miss Rose's room, with them; and lays them about her monument in the chapel, where she's cut out in white marble more nat'ral than the life."

Adelaide made many apologies for the sacrilege she had been about to commit; and as she entered the house felt all the wounds of her heart bleed afresh, as she thought, "so would my beloved father have mourned for me."

CHAPTER IV.

And do I live to hear the tale!
And will ambition then prevail,
Can sordid schemes of wealth assail,
A heart so true as his?
IL PERDUTO BEN.

As Mr. O'Sullivan's guests were rising from the breakfast table the following morning, a peremptory ringing of the hall door bell announced the welcome arrival of the gray headed postman, who travelled on foot at all seasons of the year, visiting in turn the scattered dwellings of the gentry of this mountainous region. Adelaide, with sparkling eyes and eager fingers, opened a letter from Mrs. Temple, in answer to hers from Shrewsbury, which, besides much domestic intelligence, contained the following paragraph:—

"I know you are much interested for Augustus Mordaunt, and therefore will be glad to hear that he is just gone abroad, with his uncle, Lord Osselstone, who, I am convinced, must grow proud, nay fond of him, as he has, by this means, an opportunity of being acquainted with the fine qualities of this noble young man. I am afraid my favourite wish, of his marrying Selina Seymour, is never likely to be gratified. Mr. Temple writes to me from London, that it is confidently reported she is engaged to Mr. Elton, Lord Eltondale's son and heir. He says, no young man in England bears a finer character (though it is impossible we could ever compare him to Augustus): a gentleman from Paris told Mr. Temple, that, instead of entering into the dissipation of that gay metropolis, he lives quite retired, absorbed in study; also that he had been acquainted with Mr. Elton in Sicily, where he was desperately in love with a lady of that country, whom he believed he had married: if this be the case, it is surely very dishonourable of him not

to put an immediate stop to his engagement with Miss Seymour.—Augustus would never be guilty of such conduct."

Adelaide did indeed take a much deeper interest in Augustus Mordaunt's fate, than Mrs. Temple imagined; and little did that kind friend suspect the misery her letter had caused on the perusal. "Gone abroad!" exclaimed Adelaide, in thought; "perhaps for years."—A deadly paleness overspread her face, and she precipitately sought the solitude of her own chamber. Let us not intrude on the privacy she has chosen; but turn to survey the motley groupes that are now assembling about Mr. O'Sullivan's door.

This day, being Saturday, Miss Fitzcarril held *her* levee, which was as numerously, though not quite so respectably, attended as her host's had been on the day before. On this day of the week she gave audience, and a halfpenny apiece, to all the beggars in the country, with many charges not to spend their

money idly. On these occasions she stood at the breakfast room window; from which spot she inquired into all their complaints, without scruple; and, with the assistance of nurse, prescribed for them, and gave medicines, wine, spirits, or black currant jam, as their wants demanded: this affair being at an end, they all adjourned to the kitchen door, where each received a pitcher of broth, and a huge oaten cake, to bake which had been the principal employment of the women assembled there the day before. An English reader might suppose, that the amount of Miss Fitzcarril's donation in money had been limited to a halfpenny to each beggar, from her own inclination to parsimony; but it was in fact what was customary, a sort of toll, paid by the gentry to the mendicants, on condition of receiving which, they forbore to infest their abodes at other times. The country families generally gave something additional, in the way of provision, according to their ability; but the inhabitants of towns and villages literally paid only

this new species of poll tax; which, when received from numbers, amounts to something considerable to each individual. It is a lamentable truth, that an undue proportion of the Irish population are beggars, either from necessity or inclination; and the predilection for this mode of living is encouraged by the extraordinary charity of the lower order to each other: no suppliant ever leaves the door of the most miserable cabin, without receiving a handful of oaten meal, or two or three potatoes, which are put into bags carried for the purpose; nor is a night's lodging and the use of the turf fire ever denied. The form of application, and admittance, is as follows:—The beggar stands on the threshold, and says, "Peace be to this house! Any good Christian within?"—"What do you want, poor sowl?"—"The blessing of the Lord, and the holy powers, be about ye; and give a desolate cratur a night's lodging."—"In the name of the holy Vargin, and the blessed saints, kindly welcome." After this formula, the beggar, and his or her family, take

up their abode, as long as the neighbourhood affords them subsistence. In summer, hordes of people travel about the country in this manner. They plant their potatoes, and sow their oats in spring; then locking up their houses, repair, like their betters, to the watering places, where they remain till the season arrives for digging the one and reaping the other. To the beggars that are acknowledged to be hale in body and sound in mind must be added those, who draw on the charity of the working members of the community, as "innocents," "crouls," "spey" men or women, those afflicted with fits, dumb people, and lunatics. Whether it be, that the high premium that is given for any defect, mental or bodily, induces the fortunate possessor to bring it forward to publick view, and others, not so distinguished, to counterfeit infirmity; certain it is, that the eye of a stranger from England, where such objects are shut up in appropriate asylums, is as much shocked as surprised at the number of the above mentioned unfortunate beings, that are

seen in the country parts of Ireland. There are numerous impostors, but still they are the exceptions, whilst the real sufferers form the rule.

Ere the beggars dispersed, Adelaide returned to the breakfast parlour. And is this proud and brilliant beauty the gentle, placid Adelaide? A vivid, perhaps a feverish glow, mantled her cheeks, and gave her eyes a dazzling lustre, that was almost as repelling as it was beautiful. The dignity of her carriage approached to majesty. She seemed to walk triumphantly, as if she led misfortune by the hand, and awed her by

> "The strange powers which lie
> Within the magic circle of the eye."

But had she thus quickly subdued all the rebel feelings, that so lately had mocked the calm control of reason? Oh, no! The smile that quivers round the trembling lip may play but to conceal the throb of agony. Even the melancholy sepulchre sometimes looks bright in the

splendid beam of the sun; and the admiring spectator thinks not of the darkness and horror that reign within. At that moment Adelaide's heart was the tomb of hope. When she entered the breakfast room, Mr. Webberly stared at her like another Cymon, when Iphigenia first appeared to his wondering view. After gazing at her for some moments, he drew his breath, which had been repressed by his admiration, so as to give utterance to a most audible sigh; at the same time resolving, that, when she was Mrs. Webberly, she should always wear rouge. "When she has a colour (thought he) there is not a handsomer woman in all Lunnon.—At this very instant she looks as grand as Madame Catalani, when she acts that Di - - Di - - that virago queen, that burned herself like a fool. What a figure we shall cut when I drive her round the ring at the Park, in an open landaulet, with four dashing horses, and two out-riders, in smart liveries! No; I think I'll sit beside her; the fellows will envy me so! and have

two postilions, with purple velvet caps, and jackets trimmed with gold lace!" Having thus settled his equipage to his satisfaction, he came up to the intended mistress of it, saying, with all the tenderness of accent he could command, "There is no body, Miss Wildenheim, I envy so much as Mrs. Temple; you used always to be so glad when you saw her; I should be the happiest man alive, if a letter from me would make you look so gay as hers has done."

A deeper hue painted Adelaide's cheek, and a still brighter beam sparkled in her eye. "What strange figure is that?" said she, laughing, and avoiding any direct reply; "mounted like the farrier of Tamworth, 'on a mare of four shilling?'" The equestrian, that thus attracted her notice, was one of a most unusual description. A sallow, meagre object was mounted on one of the rough mountain horses of the country; a straw rope served as bridle; and, instead of saddle, he sat on a well filled sack, wearing a coarse blanket, fastened under his chin,

not to serve as a garment, as she unknowingly supposed, but to hide the good condition of those it concealed. "What's your business, good man?" inquired Miss Fitzcarril.—"I'm a stranger, and ye have a good name in the country, lady dear; and I'm just come to seek your charity, in God's name."—"What's that you've got in the sack?"—"Pratees and meal, honey."—"And where did you get that horse?"—"Troth, I bought him at the fair, last Tursday was tree weeks." "I've nothing for you, good man: many's the time I've heard of setting a beggar on horseback, but I never saw one till now." The following Saturday this hero returned on the same errand, but without his horse, still however retaining his blanket. Miss Fitzcarril's lynx's eye recognized him instantly; indeed such a peculiar figure could hardly have escaped the notice of the most casual observer. She inquired where he had left his horse? He very quietly answered, "Ye were no ways agreeable to him, jewel, the last

time I was here, so I just hitched him up at the gate there below * !"

In the middle of this assembly of beggars, four gentlemen and a lady rode up to the door; and Mr. Webberly turned away with an expression of mortification, when he saw Adelaide kiss her hand to Colonel Desmond, who jumped off his horse, and, with his niece and Mr. Donolan, quickly entered the house; whilst his brother, with his characteristic jocularity, stopped to jest with the women on the outside, his son standing by in silence to enjoy the fun. When they, in a few minutes' time, joined their party within, the mendicant dames said one to another, " God bless his merry honour, but master Harry is a hearty gentleman † !"

* *Verbatim.*

† The lower Irish, to the end of life, continue to call every body by the appellation they knew them in youth. Many a " Master Billy and Miss Jenny" are, with all propriety, fathers and mothers of large families. The wives of the peasantry are always called by their maiden names amongst their equals; and parents speak of " the boy," or " the girl," even when past the grand climacteric.

Mr. Desmond was a very handsome man, tall, stout, and well made; his face, manner, and words expressive of the greatest *bonhomie*, mirth, and joviality. He had no pretensions whatsoever, but was one of the few, who openly dare to appear precisely what they are. He went through the world finding amusement in every person he met, whether beggar or king; laughing at himself, and with every body else: he danced, rode, and sung admirably; and particularly excelled in the composition of electioneering songs and squibs. His family had, for centuries, lost their blood and their property, in every rebellion Ireland was agitated by; but, about sixty years ago, had become protestants and loyalists in the same day; and, as the Irish are never lukewarm in any thing, Mr. Desmond now figured as Orange-man, captain of a yeomanry corps, freemason, and magistrate of the most approved zeal, which, however, his natural good disposition kept within the pale of humanity. Miss Desmond, who accompanied her father and

uncle in this visit, was mentally and personally a softened resemblance of the former. She was just then fifteen, but so extremely tall and womanly in stature, that the spectator was constantly obliged to refer to her face, to correct the false calendar expressed by her figure. The *dilettante*, in the true spirit of hypercriticism, congratulated himself on having discovered, that she was not symmetrically formed; but though some said, "She would be a fine woman," and some that "She would be a coarse woman," all were agreed, that in the mean time she was a very lovely girl. Her features were not perfect, but her countenance was frank, good natured, and vivacious: a pair of laughing eyes sent forth from beneath their shading lashes fairy messengers of mirth, to dimple her blooming cheek, or pucker up the corners of her eye-lids. In manner, though she was not impudent, she was not bashful, perhaps from the total absence of self-conceit, which never led her to suppose she occupied a place in the thoughts of those

who did not love her; and on the partiality of those who did she relied implicitly. Until her uncle fixed his residence at her father's house, she was nearly as wild as the heaths that surrounded it. But the observer of nature is well aware, that in such uncultivated regions blooms many a flower, whose beauty is more exquisite than that of those the art of man raises in the brilliant parterre. Some happy star seemed to rule over Melicent Desmond, that saved her from the very verge of what was unlovely in woman. She was so tall, she would have looked masculine, but for the fairest complexion in the world, which gave her face, neck, and arms a most feminine appearance. The expression of her countenance was so droll, it would have been satirical, but for the kindness of heart it beamed with. She was so lively she was almost boisterous; and any other girl, equally careless of her attire, would have seemed untidy. But all her looks, words, and actions had a peculiar charm, that, though none would or could have imitated them, few were so

harsh as to condemn; and, in the very act of censure, the face of the speaker expressed fondness and admiration, of which nobody could define to themselves the cause: she seized upon the affections with a sort of arbitrary power, which defied the remonstrances of reason, when it did not receive her sanction. This dear girl was the idol of her parents and her uncle: but the latter, though most anxious to see her all that was delightful in a female character, was extremely cautious in the line of conduct he adopted towards her; he rather sought to add, than to change, and was not a little fearful of "improving for the worse," as his countrymen emphatically express the effects arising from a spirit of false refinement:

> "Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
> Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong:
> Tutors, like virtuosoes, oft inclin'd,
> By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
> Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new,
> Which yet with all their skill they ne'er could do."

He more judiciously confined his endeavours to furnishing her with ideas and examples, leaving it to her unbiassed judgment to choose amongst them, and make what she pleased her own. He now wished to give her the advantage of associating, as much as possible, with Adelaide, noticing her perfections but generally, and trusting to Melicent's discernment to analyse each particular charm, unaided, save by the happy benevolence of disposition, which would make such an exercise of her faculties the first of all pleasures. He had accordingly lost no time in making his brother call on the strangers, for the purpose of inviting them to Bogberry Hall. It was settled, in this visit, that the party from Ballinamoyle should dine at Mr. Desmond's house early in the ensuing week, where they should remain till the following day, as the distance was too great to permit of returning at night.

Mr. O'Sullivan prevailed on the Desmonds to join his family circle at dinner;

and when they prepared to return home in the evening, Colonel Desmond said to Adelaide, in a low voice, "I hope Melicent has not shocked you by her brogue; I find it most difficult to cure." "Oh, don't try to alter her accent, (replied she) she speaks the prettiest Irish! Any thing that would make her less original, would take from her charms: she is one of the most captivating creatures I ever saw." His only answer was a parting pressure of her hand, which conveyed his thanks for her admiration of his niece, and meant more than he yet ventured to express in words. "How different she is from Melicent, (thought he), yet how charming!"

A lover and an uncle could not be supposed to be expert at definition, otherwise he might have said, that the one amused the fancy, whilst the other touched the heart.

CHAPTER V.

Be my plan,
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless how the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for't, or no.
Be my employment here on earth,
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth.
CHURCHILL.

BOGBERRY HALL was the abode of mirth and glee: there was nothing but rattling, and ranting, and singing, and dancing, from morning till night. The family living in it, consisted of nine happy children, with an indulgent, tender mother, remarkable for nothing, except her good nature, and careful attention to their wants and pleasures. This house was never without company staying in it, principally relations; for the Desmonds had first, second, and third cousins innumerable. The actual income of the

family was not large, in proportion to their numbers; but the advantage of situation supplied them with almost every thing they consumed at a low rate; and many rents, that a non-resident would have found it impossible to get, were compounded for, partly in kind, partly in labour. When any body condoled with Mr. Desmond on his large family, he used to say, "The more the merrier; there never was a child sent into the world, that it did not bring its portion with it; I wish I had thirty of them." Calming his mind with this idea, he determined to make them, as long as he was alive, as merry as possible; for, in his vocabulary, merriment and happiness were synonymous. A very necessary part of his establishment, for this purpose, were two fiddlers and a piper. One of the former was then absent on rather a singular errand.—Miss Sophy Desmond had been put to school at Galway, and he was sent to board in the same house, that he might play for her to dance every evening, and "keep her

from thinking long after home." The cause of Sophy's being sent to school was as singular as her strange accompaniment. One of Melicent's favourite pastimes the year before had been to get up on the horses that carried fish, poultry, or eggs, in a sort of open panniers called creels, to her father's house for sale; and whilst her mother was giving a dram, or buying chickens three to the couple, away she went "o'er moor and mountain," amusing herself with the alarm she should cause, and the hunt there would be after her. One day a horse was brought to Bogberry Hall, carrying two wooden churns, one containing eggs, the other buttermilk. Millacent scrambled up the side, and seating herself between them, off she set; but while she was galloping along much to her satisfaction, in making a leap over a pit in the bog before her father's gate, the covers of the churns came off, and she was soused with the milk on one side, and pelted with the eggs on the other. The horse took fright, and carried her in this condition

miles round the country, without hat or cloak. She was at last met by some gentlemen, who brought her home, her clothes dripping wet, and her face and hair stiff with the contents of the egg shells. The conclusion her friends drew from this adventure was, that as *Melicent* was quite spoiled, *Sophy* must be sent to school directly." Miss Desmond's coadjutor in all such pranks (which however she had much intermitted since the above-mentioned unlucky day) was her brother Launcelot, an arch boy, one year younger than herself, who, to plague his cousin "Dilly," as he called Mr. Donolan, now pretended to be yet more unpolished than he really was. These two were standing in the window of their mother's drawing-room, on the day on which she expected the party from Ballinamoyle to dinner, when they espied Mrs. O'Sullivan's gaudy equipage at some distance. "There, Melicent," said Launcelot, "there comes Tidy-ideldy and Big bow bow," as he had christened the two Miss Webberlys. "I declare,

Lanty," replied his sister, "when I saw that ugly Miss Webberly at dinner the other day, with half a rose tree on her head, I could scarcely keep from saying to you, that she was 'the devil in a bush.'" "Oh fie, Melicent!" said Colonel Desmond, with an ill-suppressed smile, "such a great girl as you ought not to encourage that rude boy; it would be much more becoming for you to think of receiving your guests with politeness, than to employ yourself in finding names for them." "Don't be angry, uncle dear," said Melicent, coaxingly, and I'll call her London Pride; and that dear beautiful Miss Wildenheim is Venus's looking-glass:—you have no objection to be Flos Adonis, uncle, I'm sure. Oh! I wish I was like her, and then you'd be quite pleas'd with me." "My dearest Melicent," said he, fondly, "I don't wish you to be like any body but yourself; only control your spirits to-day, that's a good girl."

In another window Mr. Donolan was expatiating on the merits of frogs stewed in *red* champaigne, as he had eat them

at the *Café de mille Colonnes;* whilst his auditor, Mr. Desmond, was assiduously drawing up his mouth into a whistle, his usual preventive of *mal à propos* laughter. His lady was preparing to receive her guests on their entrance, which she did with much kindness, and with the ease of a person well accustomed to the office. The ladies from Ballinamoyle were escorted only by Captain Cormac, as Mr. Webberly had unfortunately sprained his ancle that morning too severely to admit of his moving off a couch, and his host remained at home in order to show him proper attention, and Father Dermoody never formed one of so large a party.

The company, when assembled, besides the party from Ballinamoyle and the Desmond family, consisted of the curate of the parish, the physician of the neighbourhood, a music-master, occasionally resident at Bogberry Hall, two smart beaux on a visit there from Limerick, and three very handsome girls of the name of Nevil, whom Mr. Desmond in-

troduced to the English ladies as "Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death."

"Miss Fitzcarril had hoped much from the effects of a rose-coloured satin gown and orange turban, on the heart of her promised spouse; and therefore great was her disappointment, and unfeigned were her expressions of regret, when she lamented the accident, which deprived the party of his "agreeable society." Miss Webberly, resolving to take the *dilettante's* affections by a *coup de main*, had that day employed herself in a re-perusal of the portable Cyclopædia, and had no less attended to the embellishment of her person, which she attired *à la Minerve*, to give him a delicate proof of her just appreciation of his compliments.

But Cecilia Webberly lost no time in commencing a flirtation with him, for the sole purpose of plaguing her "sweet Meely." In this however she was disappointed, for he complimented the mind of the one nearly as much as the person of the other, hoping thus to earn

an equal portion of the "diet of good humour" for himself, which was as necessary to the comfort of his moral existence, as the daily aliments which were required for his physical being. For the purpose of receiving and bestowing flattery, he took a favourable opportunity, afforded by a pause in conversation, of producing a gold fillagree case, in which a few yards of pink riband were rolled up, which some milliner of the *Palais Royal* had persuaded him to buy, in order to mark them with the dimensions of the celebrated statues in the *Louvre*; and he had thus indefatigably measured every wrist, waist, head, and ancle of the collection; and now as unremittingly solicited every lady of his acquaintance to apply this test of symmetry to the corresponding parts of her own person. And many a female heart beat with anxious expectation as she passed the girdle of various Venuses round her waist, in hopes some one might prove a fit cestus for herself.

By a little false play, Felix now proved

Cecilia to be the exact counterpart of the celebrated Amazon of the Hall of the Laocoon, which considerably raised her in his and her own estimation. Mr. Desmond, seeing him preparing to roll this new *line of beauty* up, called him over, and whispered loud enough for Adelaide, who was sitting close by, to hear, "The ladies will be affronted if you don't measure them all, Dilly; it looks as if you didn't think they would be the right fit:—begin with Miss Wildenheim; I'll be bound the belt of the *Venus de Medici* will fit her as 'nate as a Limerick glove.'"

When the *dilettante*, in the most affected manner possible, presented Adelaide with the portion of the riband he had passed round the waist of the Medicean Venus, she politely, but gravely declined the honour with a dignity that repelled the officious fop; and turning to Melicent with a kind and anxious glance, by a half sentence conveyed to the intelligent girl her contempt and disapprobation of the erudite trifling.

Colonel Desmond met her eye, and by looks thanked her both for the example and advice; and then said, "Why, Felix, if you were to measure wrists and waists by spherical trigonometry; indeed it would afford a laudable display of your science. I'm sure Miss Wildenheim would not suffer the dimensions of her arm to be found in any way less sublime. "Yes, indeed," exclaimed Melicent, "you're no better, Cousin Dilly, than a common habit-maker with that little yard. Why don't you make a surtout for the Venus you are so fond of talking about?" Though Mr. Desmond had set young Donolan on in hopes of seeing a high scene of comic effect take place between him and the ladies, as he never let pass any opportunity of quizzing him, in revenge for the contempt he on all occasions expressed for that country, which was the object of his own enthusiastic love; he grinned with delight to see him so mortified, whilst he at the same time felt much obliged to Adelaide for the good natured hint she had given to Melicent, which

he had predetermined to convey himself, when it came to her turn to make the ridiculous exhibition. However, this votary of Momus could not consent to lose his fun entirely, and therefore said to the discontented connoisseur, "Don't be dash'd, Dilly, if the young ones are too shy, we'll try the old ladies;" and snapping the fillagree case out of his hand, he began with his own wife, and with much laughter found her circumference out of all just proportion. He then proceeded to Mrs. O'Sullivan, saying, "I'm shocked, madam, at my nephew's want of gallantry in not ascertaining the proportions of your figure before he took those of lesser beauties." "You're wastly polite, sir, but I bant so slim as I used to be; that ere belt wouldn't compress me now, though time was, Mr. Desmond, when I was the pride of Bagnigge Wells—I could show shapes with any of 'em." "But, my dear ma'am, if one won't do, two of them put together will, and then we can safely say, you have double the beauty of the best French

Venus amongst them all. Here's for the honour of Old England," holding up the riband; and as she passed it round her waist, "I knew that," continued he, "it's allowed that one English can beat three Frenchmen; and I could have laid my life, that one full grown British beauty was at least equal to two of the first in France." Miss Fitzcarril simperingly anticipated her triumph, when she should give incontestable proof, that her waist was smaller than that of the finest model of sculptured symmetry. After making the modest, she consented to give ocular demonstration of the fact; and then, holding out one long bony fore-finger, put the tip of the other on its knuckle, saying, with the utmost exultation, "All that much less:" which circumstance she related with conscious pride to Mr. Webberly, the first time she saw him afterwards; and it will long afford an agreeable subject for Captain Cormac's compliments, who, in truth, had lately been rather at a loss for novelties of this kind.

The *dilettante*, in an agony of taste-

ful horror, that the silk, which had encircled the divine form of the Medicean Venus, should have been contaminated by touching that of the stiffest old maid in *Connaught*, shuddered as he internally groaned, "Oh! the she Vandal! But what can a man of taste expect, who ventures to amalgamate in society with these modern Bœotians! May the genius of sculpture never again display her *chefs d'œuvre* to my enlightened gaze, if I ever make any further attempt to give these demi-savages a specimen of the *beau idéal*." He had scarcely rolled up his riband with undissembled indignation, when dinner was announced. Had the tables on which it was served been as animated as Homer's, they would have groaned with the weight of supernumerary dishes, in all which, however, Mr. Donolan could not, with the aid of his glass, find any thing he could recommend Miss Cecilia Webberly to eat. "Not a particle of French cookery," said he, despairingly shrugging his shoulders, "except, perhaps, that *bashamele*

de veau roti—the piper and the fiddler make such a confounded noise, no one can be heard. Launcelot! you're next your father, ask him for some of it." "Anan!" said the youth, pretending to look quite stupid, "Ask your father to send Miss Cecilia Webberly some of that *bashamele de veau roti.*" "What in the name of the Lord does he mean, Milly?" said Lanty, turning to his sister; "faith and honour he never spakes legible now." "Legible, Lanty! indeed I think he speaks copperplate," replied Melicent; "it's some larded veal he wants."

All this time the piper and the fiddler were playing furiously out of tune in the hall. Mr. Desmond, addressing Adelaide, said, "I always make them play up a tune at dinner—it makes it sit light.' "What a satisfaction it must be to you to support those poor blind men!" "Yes, and their being blind has an advantage you don't think of;—if I have a potato and herring for my dinner, they don't know but I sport three courses and a dessert." The noise of the piper and

fiddler, of incessant laughing and talking, the clatter of knives and forks, joined to the giggling and chattering of the maid servants employed in washing plates, spoons, forks, and knives, in one common bucket, behind the half-closed parlour door, with occasional dialogues between them, such as, "Oh Jasus! I have brok the big dish, and my mistress will be raving!" "The devil mend you! what cale had you to be peeping in at the quality, with your face as black as my shoe; and when the master turned his head, ye made off in such a flusteration, ye let go your load." "Sarra matter! I'll get Miss Milly to spake a good word for me, and there'll be nothing about it." All these noises united were too much for Mr. Donolan, whose "nerves were finer than a spider's web," and he became quite cross. When Melicent complained of the heat, he said very gruffly, "It's no wonder you're hot, when you appear in *bear skin.*" She pretended not to understand him:—he retorted—"Really, Melicent, if you

have not *gumption* enough to understand them, I cannot be dictionary to my own *bon mots*." "Glossary, rather," thought Adelaide, "for I'm sure they are barbarous wit."

Whilst Mr. Donolan conveyed to his *inamorata*, who was sitting beside him, by winks, and shrugs, and contortions of countenance, his knowledge of the *savoir vivre*, he and she both, as well as the rest of the company, gave incontestable proof —(at least if there be any truth in the proverb, which tells us, "That the proof of the pudding is in the eating")—that Mrs. Dermond's bill of fare, though "gothic to the last degree"—was very palatable. They even condescended, after demolishing fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, to partake of her floating island, served in a flat cut glass dish, which occupied the place of a modern plateau. After the ladies had given the dessert "honour due," and the gentlemen had drank "The king," and "All our true friends, and the devil take the false ones," and the "Ladies' inclinations," the

fair part of the company retired to the drawing-room. Here Melicent, in great delight, showed her friends the new grand piano forte her uncle had bought for her in Dublin. "It was thoroughly well tuned," said she to Adelaide, "by Mr. Ingham this morning, that we might have the pleasure of hearing you play. My uncle says you are a perfect musician." Miss Cecilia Webberly bit her lips, but quickly consoled herself with the recollection, that he had never heard her sing; and, to turn the conversation, asked Miss Desmond if she drew; she replied in the negative, but produced a port-folio of fine drawings of her uncle's. Adelaide had seen most of them before, and looked at them with the deepest interest, as they brought past scenes to her memory. Melicent held up one that was quite new to her;—a lovely female figure, in the freshest bloom of youth, was depicted holding a scroll, which she was reading with evident pleasure. The painter had caught one of the softest blushes and most bewitching smiles, that

ever gave to beauty her least resistible charm; whilst the drapery, which flowed round a form of perfect symmetry, seemed to have been arranged by the hand of the Graces. This drawing had been executed by one of the first masters at Vienna, from a sketch of Colonel Desmond's. On the margin of the drawing were the following verses, the first few words of which were written on the scroll the fair creature was supposed to read:

Adélaïde
Paroît faite exprès pour charmer;
Et mieux que le galant Ovide,
Ses yeux enseignent l'art d'aimer
Adélaïde.

D'Adélaïde
Ah! que l'empire semble doux!
Qu'on me donne un nouvel Alcide,
Je gage qu'il file aux genoux
D'Adélaïde.

D'Adélaïde
Fuyez le dangereux accueil:
Tous les enchantemens d'Armide
Sont moins à craindre qu'un coup d'œil
D'Adélaïde.

D'Adélaïde
Quand l'Amour eut formé les traits,
Ma fois, dit-il, la cour de Gnide
N'a rien de pareil aux attraits
D'Adélaïde.

Adélaïde,
Lui dit-il, ne nous quittons pas :
Je suis aveugle, sois mon guide ;
Je suivrai partout pas à pas
Adélaïde.

TRANSLATION.

Adelaide
Was surely form'd all hearts to move,
And more than Ovid we can prove
By speaking eyes, the art of love
In Adelaide.

Than Adelaide
No softer thraldom could we meet :
Alcides' self would think it sweet,
To spin his task out at the feet
Of Adelaide.

From Adelaide
And all her dang'rous beauties fly ;—
Armida's charms and witchery
Were far less fatal than the eye
Of Adelaide.

Of Adelaide
When Cupid first the features fram'd,
" In Cnidus' court," he loud proclaim'd,
" Not one for beauty shall be fam'd
Like Adelaide."

" O Adelaide !"
The sightless boy enraptur'd cried,
" Alas, I'm blind ! Be thou my guide ;
From henceforth I'll ne'er leave the side
Of Adelaide."

Miss Wildenheim quickly recollected, that these lines were written in a fine edition of Klopstock's works Colonel Desmond had given her, as a *gage d'amitie*, the last day she had seen him at Vienna ; and when Miss Nevil turned to trace the resemblance she perceived in the drawing—the blush, the smile, the attitude, the graceful form, struck her so forcibly, that she exclaimed, " It *is* yourself, Miss Wildenheim ; I thought it was the image of you, the instant I saw it." Melicent, with intuitive propriety, sought to relieve Adelaide's embarrassment, and said, " Here's a far more beautiful figure ; this, Miss Web-

berly, is my last production—a charming Paul and Virginia, I assure you. Do admire Paul's leg, it is thicker than the tree he is sitting under:—I wonder he doesn't kick Virginia, she squints so abominably."

When this singular specimen of the fine arts was first displayed to the partial eyes of Melicent's parents, it met with no small admiration from them. A showy frame was bought, in which it was hung up over the chimney-piece of their usual sitting-room, and the fond mother gazed at it from morning till night. When Colonel Desmond returned from abroad, this was the first object, that, after showing her nine healthy, handsome children, she directed his attention to. He did not then express all the horror he felt at the contrast it afforded; but in about six months' negociation with considerable difficulty accomplished its being safely deposited in his port-folio.

CHAPTER VI.

Qu' Adélaïde
Met d'ame et de gout dans son chant!
Aux accens de sa voix timide
Chacun dit rien n'est si touchant,
Qu' Adélaïde *!

MARMONTEL.

As soon as the gentlemen returned to the drawing room, and tea was over, the mistress of the house proposed music.

The Desmonds, in general, were considerable proficients in this delightful art; and a trio for the violin, flute, and piano forte, was charmingly played by Melicent, and her father, and uncle. Though

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* Adelaide
Whilst singing steals each list'ner's heart,
'Tis melody's refined part,
None can such melting strains impart,
As Adelaide.

the former failed so lamentably in drawing, she had a fine genius for music, which was made the most of by constant practice; it was the only thing her father had ever studied, and in it he had acquired considerable knowledge, whilst her uncle had gained, in Germany, a fine style of playing on the violin; and to their instructions she was more indebted for her excellence, than to those of Mr. Ingham, who taught her the mere mechanical part of the science, and even that very imperfectly. As soon as, according to the rules of etiquette, the young lady of the house had made a commencement, her guests were in turn requested to display their talents. Colonel Desmond had whispered about that Adelaide sung enchantingly; and there was a general impatience expressed to hear her, which she, in her usual unaffected manner, consented to gratify.

The tones of her voice were exquisitely touching, and they took the shortest road to the heart, without stopping on the way to tickle the ear by the tricks

of mere execution; each ornament seemed to rise in its own proper place, by a sort of "happy necessity," and, like the temple of taste, her singing "always charmed, never surprised." Her vocal excellences were most called forth in the highest style of Italian music. In the detached scenes of an opera she was inimitable: her divine voice painted, as it were, every shade of feeling; and the composer might have rejoiced to hear the Proserpine or Elfrida, not of his music, but of his imagination. Still more enchanting than her voice when she sang was her countenance, which the soul seemed to irradiate with that immortal light only seen on earth in "the human face divine;" and there were expressed all those indescribable charms, the offspring of genius and feeling, which the most melodious sounds are insufficient to convey to the sense. As she was however too rational, to be sublime out of place, she did not attempt to introduce the "grand opera" at Bogberry Hall, but apologizing for her deficiency in English music, which she

feared to disfigure by her peculiar accent, sang a playful foreign ballad, which perhaps displayed the fascinating graces of her flexile voice, and polished manner, almost as delightfully as a finer composition would have done. She was rapturously *encored*, and was detained singing, till, quite distressed at the idea of excluding every other lady from the piano forte, she pleaded fatigue, as her excuse for retiring from the instrument. As the company crowded round her to bestow their praises, the winning expression with which her soft eyes met the general gaze, as they seemed imploringly to ask the forgiveness of her unsought superiority, and which her graceful gestures no less eloquently entreated, drew from the heart touched by her sweetness and modesty that exclamation of "charming! charming!" which the lips had opened to apply to her captivating talents.

During the time Adelaide was singing, Melicent stood beside her uncle in almost breathless delight, her hand resting on his arm, which she pressed with earnestness

as any note of peculiar beauty met her ear. He was so completely lost in a reverie, (a most unusual circumstance with him,) that even after the melody had ceased, he stood in the same spot, and in the same attitude, as before. Melicent roused him from his reflections, as she looked up in his face, and said, "How enchanting! her voice is 'pleasant as the gale of spring, that sighs on the hunter's ear when he wakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the Hill.'" "I perceive," replied he, almost starting at her first address, "that you read Ossian as incessantly as ever, Melicent: I have just been thinking how superior Miss Wildenheim is to her own acquirements." "I don't exactly understand you, uncle." "If you had ever mixed in the world, my love, you would without difficulty; you would there meet with many of both sexes, in whom the painter, or the poet, or the musician, stand forth so prominently, that the individual character is lost in the back ground, indeed, sometimes, with advan-

tage. I'm sure, when Miss Wildenheim occurs to your mind to-morrow morning, you won't think *first* of her singing, though you do admire it so much."

"Oh, no!" replied Melicent, "I shall think of her charming smiles, as she is endeavouring to persuade Miss Cecilia Webberly to sing the air she thinks she most excels in.—They are looking for the music; I must go and assist them." Cecilia now did her utmost to eclipse Adelaide, by displaying twice the power of voice in songs of greater execution, which every body confessed she sang *well*, though no one *felt* she sang charmingly. After two or three solos, it was proposed, that Mr. Ingham should join her in a duet. She purposely chose one, which should be a trial of skill between the performers. It was that style of music, which Colonel Desmond called the "florid Gothick," from its profuse ornament and defective taste; it had triplets, volatas, and trills without end. Poor Mr. Ingham, in more than one sense of the word, *shook* for his fame; the merciless

Cecilia forgot, that on it depended his bread; she did not read in his countenance, "He who filches from me my good name, takes that which not enricheth him, and makes me poor indeed!" But when they came to the final cadence, impelled by the "glorious fault of angels and of gods," she aspired higher than fate permitted her to attain with honour; and in a precipitate fall from D sharp in alt was hurled on the flat seventh, instead of the perfect third of the key, which made an unfortunate discord with the note intended to harmonize with said perfect third in a simultaneous trill; and on this unlucky seventh she continued to shake without pity or remorse, till the poor man, in emulation, was nearly black in the face, and was obliged to take breath twice, in a most audible manner, before she would have done. But at last she ceased, and the mortified musician's good-natured patron, seeing his vexation, and being himself shocked at the discord, clapped him on the back, saying, "Well done, Ingham; both parts famously

sung:" and, with a significant wink, added, " By Heavens! she shook the cat out of the bag that time; she did you up there, man alive!" Lanty, who had thought the shake wondrous queer, he did not know why, understanding the drift of his father's observation, burst into a loud fit of laughter, which was followed by a peremptory order from his mother to quit the room. In the mean time the rest of the company were variously occupied: Mrs. O'Sullivan and Miss Fitzcarril, with the physician and curate, formed a party at *short whist*, which the former, to assist her claims to fashion, played at a rate that was much higher than accorded with her frugal propensities, and which the pride of her companions prevented from confessing was much beyond what suited their finances. The physician, who was losing, internally grumbled at this new method of playing the good old game of whist, by which twice as much may be lost in the same space of time; and muttered, as he sorted his cards, a barbarous parody of Shakspeare,

"There comes the last scene of all:—short sight, short gowns, short whist, short every thing!" Leaning over "John of Gaunt's" chair, (the agnomen Mr. Desmond had been pleased to bestow on the stupendous Theresa,) stood Captain Cormac, to rejoice in the goodly row of kings, queens, and aces, which the hand of his liege sometimes contained, and which was graciously pointed out to him with an accompanying smile; or to pick up the glove, card, or handkerchief that fell to the ground, not always undesignedly. Mrs. Desmond kept herself disengaged to be kind and civil to every body, sometimes condoling with the losers at whist, sometimes laughing with the young people, as they played at "consequences," "what's my thought like?" or "dressing the poor soldier." Miss Webberly was in earnest conversation with Mr. Donolan, of which Mrs. Desmond's ear, unwilling, caught one or two sentences. In answer to an observation from Amelia, he said "A very good match for *him*," with a sort of conceited emphasis on the

word *him*, which insinuated " it would be a very bad match for *me*." "Scarcely even for *him*," retorted Miss Webberly, " German gentry are but sma." This quotation was followed by a laugh of affected vehemence from both; and when Cecilia, exulting in her triumph over Mr. Ingham, came up to them, the witticism was repeated; and they then, in a playhouse whisper, extended their strictures to all the company in turn, only interrupted by fits of laughter. Mrs. Desmond turned away in disgust, and, looking for Melicent, proudly thought, " My little mountain girl may want polish, as Edward says, but, with all her wildness, she is still the lady." The object of her thoughts was, at that moment, in conversation with her uncle and Adelaide, whom they had joined, when Cecilia Webberly sat down to the piano forte. When she had finished her duet, in the manner before mentioned, Miss Desmond said, " What a pity it is, Miss Wildenheim, that people, in the attempt to astonish, will insist upon showing what

they *cannot* do." "My dear Melicent," interrupted her uncle, "you may take it as a pretty general rule, that when a lady attempts or even succeeds in *astonishing*, all is not exactly as it ought to be; am I not right?" continued he, turning to Adelaide, "Oh, perfectly," replied she; "but, indeed, Miss Webberly executed her songs extremely well, with the exception of that unfortunate shake." "I have heard my uncle say," rejoined Melicent, that an *execution* is sometimes a *murder*; in that sense, I allow she has executed them well; but, surely, music that is not pleasing, can never be good." As Melicent never spoke *sotto voce*, her uncle was afraid her observations would be heard, and therefore, to divert her mind from Miss Webberly's singing, took up a book of poems, which was lying on the table they were standing near, and addressing Adelaide, said, "I condemned these verses this morning, as being unnatural: Melicent, to all my objections, only answered, 'Oh! dear uncle, I delight in them.' Do be our umpire, and show her,

that something more is necessary to prove her admiration to be well founded, than the bare assertion that she does admire; when she dislikes, she has reasons enough at command, but when she approves, it is with an extravagance of enthusiasm, that admits of no analysis." Adelaide read as follows :—

The sigh of her heart was sincere,
  When blushing she whisper'd her love,
A sound of delight in my ear;
  Her voice was the voice of a dove.
Ah! who could from Phillida fly?
  Yet I sought other nymphs of the vale,
Forgot her sweet blush and her sigh!
  Forgot that I told her my tale.

In sorrow I wish'd to return,
  And the tale of my passion renew;
Go, Shepherd, she answer'd with scorn,
  False Shepherd, for ever adieu!
For thee no more tears will I shed,
  From thee to fair Friendship I go;
The bird by a wound that has bled,
  Is happy to fly from its foe.

"What can she find so affecting in those lines?" thought Colonel Desmond, as he marked Adelaide's changing countenance.

Memory had raised the shades of departed joys, which appeared in her eyes not clad in their original brightness, but wrapped in sorrow's watery veil; reason quickly bade them be gone, but not ere her attentive observer had marked their shadowy footsteps as they crossed her brow. When she looked up, his penetrating glance read her mind, and expressed his own. She painfully felt her heart was open to his view, that there was now no retreat, and therefore calmly said to Melicent, "I agree with you, Miss Desmond, the feelings of Phillida are perfectly natural." "But," interrupted Colonel Desmond, in a tone and manner not to be mistaken, "don't you think, that though she might turn in scorn from the unworthy object of her first attachment, she might solace her wounded heart by admitting the love of another?" "Never!" replied Adelaide: "even in endeavouring to view him with indifference, her mind must have been too long filled with his idea, not to feel the impossibility of its ever being possessed by a second

choice." Colonel Desmond knew the human heart better, and flattered himself, not unjustly, that if he had patience to play the friend, and did not too quickly assume the lover, he might imperceptibly win her regard in that character. He was not hurried away by the imprudent warmth of feeling, which would have deprived a younger man of his self-possession, but determined to destroy the impression of what the seriousness of his looks and tones had conveyed to her mind; and therefore with apparent carelessness, asked her how she liked Ireland. This question a stranger is plagued with in every company, from the day he lands in that country till the one he leaves it; which with its twin tormentor, "Do you like England or Ireland best?" serves to commence that sort of conversation, which begins in Great Britain with observations on the weather. By the way, it is strange that no moralist has ever remarked how providential it is, that the climate of this latter island is so variable, considering the propensity its inhabi-

tants have to talk of it. It certainly affords a beautiful illustration of the doctrine of compensation.

But to return to our friend Desmond: —he was too well bred to have asked such an unfair question, had he not been completely *distrait*. When the mind is absent without leave, the deputy it leaves behind to secure its unmolested retreat most resembles that apish faculty, memory, and mechanically imitates the manners, and repeats the phrases of others. Adelaide, more embarrassed, though not so *distrait* as her interrogator, replied, that she was even more pleased with the country than she had expected to be from the favourable picture held forth in some late publications. He agreed to the justice of these representations; while his brother, happening to hear him, was nettled to the quick, and abruptly said, " Not a bit like, Ned; quite too ridiculous." " But, my dear Harry, there is nothing in the world so tiresome as direct panegyric; you must allow a little for the malice of human nature, to

make an individual or a national character loved, its virtues must be relieved by its foibles." "I'll tell you what, Ned, the devil a good there is in dressing us up in a fool's cap and bells, to make a set of fat English squires laugh who have eat themselves stupid." "How can you be so illiberal, brother? That des——"—"By the piper that danced before Moses," interrupted the elder Desmond; "it's themselves that's illiberal:—There's the two Webberlys, and that airified nephew of my wife's, mocking us all, by the Lord! and all the time of tea, and while Milly was playing on the forte, they were laughing as if their sides would burst. I'm bothered from the head to the tail with them, that's the truth of it. But come, Miss Wildenheim, a tune from you would save any man from being in a passion—give us 'God save the King,' and that will remind me that I ought to comport myself as becomes a peaceable subject."

In nothing did Adelaide excel more than in playing an air, in a manner that

seemed to give it beauties that it was not before suspected of possessing. She called to her aid all the powers of harmony, and united boldness of execution with tenderness of expression. She now played "God save the King," in a manner that electrified the company; the card players had dispersed, and there was such a nodding of heads, and marching, and whistling, and singing, and drumming on tables, and rattling watch chains, and beating time, that the performance of a person who could not have brought forth all the power of the "forte," as Mr. Desmond called it, would have been lost amongst all these various noises. The tune was played and replayed, till Adelaide laughingly said her fingers ached; and then dancing was proposed, and being agreed to, the company repaired to a large hall for the purpose. Here Mr. Desmond vented the remnant of his spleen against the Webberlys, by calling to the piper, "Play up the humours of Ludgate Hill there!" with a significant wink to the music master,

(who, by the by, was more of a wag than an Orpheus), and though the wink was of no use to the blind piper and fiddler, the tone of his voice was sufficiently understood by them to need no second order; and they accordingly struck up their favourite tune of "Jig Polthogue," to which Mr. Desmond amused himself by mimicking, in turn, the dancing of all the set; and his imitations, being general, offended nobody in particular, but in truth he even satirized with so much good humour, that he hardly ever gave offence. It seemed always to be the fashions of the times he quizzed, rather than the people who exhibited them. "What an entertaining, exhilarating people the Irish are!" said Adelaide to Colonel Desmond. "Yes," replied he; "but yet, with all their cleverness, how strangely inconsistent is their conduct! If Melicent Desmond was a sovereign princess, her father could not have had more pride about her than he has; and yet here she is associating with

her music-master, dancing in the very set with him; and I never can persuade him there is any impropriety in it." "How well she does dance!" remarked his fair partner. "And what a capital caricature Captain Cormac and Miss Fitzcarril would make—he all flourishes, she as stiff as the genealogical tree that hangs up in the hall at Ballinamoyle. Do you observe," resumed he, "how much of the '*incedo regina*' there is in her manner to him occasionally! This good lady is a singular being, I can assure you. She can be 'proud with meanness, and be mean with pride.'" "Such a character," rejoined Adelaide, "reminds me of Homer's princesses, who, from doing the honours of the palace, proceed to wash the clothes of its inhabitants in the neighbouring river, to which pleasant employment they drive right regally." Mr. Desmond now coming up to turn her in the dance, took that opportunity of saying, "I tried to touch you up, but I couldn't—it's a shame for you to bear

away the *bell* in every thing:—I never saw any one in my life *handle their feet* as you do."

After two or three dances the company adjourned to the supper table, and here again all was mirth and glee. Colonel and Mr. Desmond sung comical songs, and told droll stories, till the whole party were in fits of laughter. Three of the children, younger than Melicent and Launcelot, were kept up to supper, and they sang catches and glees with their father and uncle, in a manner that surprised every body who heard their sweet voices and saw their childish faces. Before they began, a dispute arose between Mr. Desmond and the music-master, relative to the key note; the one sounded one, and the other another; when, to settle the matter, the former called to his second son, "Do you hear, George, take this note out in your mouth to the forte, strike it, and bring me word if I'm not right, and be sure you don't drop it by the way." How far George was an im-

partial testimony, or how much the note lost or gained in its ascent or descent, must ever remain in doubt; but, like a dutiful child, when he returned, he said, "*You* were right to be sure, father—listen here;" and sounding the octave above as clear as a bell, and as sweetly as possible, they all set to, the little performers keeping time and tune admirably; whilst the mellow base of the gentlemen, and the enchanting soprano of their sister, contrasted delightfully with the juvenile strains of these "young-eyed cherubim." Melicent's fine notes made most of the party express a wish to hear her in a solo, and she sang the "Exile of Erin," with a pathos that drew tears from many present. Adelaide seemed particularly to feel it; which Mr. Desmond perceiving, he said, "Come, Melicent, that's too dismal—I'll tune you up a lilt;" and he immediately sang, in a most comical manner, a ballad he had written himself, entitled, "Miss Jenny's lament for

the loss of her petticoat;" in which was ably satirized the present style of *undress*. Soon after this the party separated with as much hilarity as they had met.

CHAPTER VII.

Jeunes beautés qui venez dans ces lieux,
Fouler d'un pied léger l'herbe tendre et fleurie,
Comme vous je connus les plaisirs de la vie,
Vos fêtes, vos transports, et vos aimables jeux.
L'Amour bercoit mon cœur de ses douces chimères,
Et l'Hymen me flattoit du destin le plus beau,
Un instant détruisit ces erreurs mensongères,
Que me reste-t-il ? Le tombeau !*

LEVIZAC.

WHEN Adelaide returned to Ballinamoyle, she thought of the day she had

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* Ye fair ones that, with agile bound,
Dance o'er this turf in frolick round,
Whose tender flowers scarce bend their head,
Beneath your footstep's airy tread;
Like you I once, with sportive mien,
Join'd laughing Pleasure's joyous train:
Then life and all its hopes were new,
And love its brightest visions drew:
Those joys are past—the vision's flown:
What now remains ?—The tomb alone.

spent at Bogberry Hall with the most lively pleasure; the unrefined good-natured gaiety of its inmates had seized her with so strong a grasp, that it had dragged her along with the general current of mirth, and, leading her thoughts out of their ordinary course, had, with no unwelcome violence, broken the chain of their painful associations. Her eye had early been accustomed to the animation of foreign countenances and gestures; and as she had only been acquainted with English manners in a very retired country place, it is perhaps not surprising, that she should have felt chilled by their apparent monotony, and abashed by the half-reproving look she sometimes met with; when, pausing for an instant to consider what she had done wrong, she found she had, in the earnestness of conversation, raised her hand and arm full six inches from her side, where it was arrested in its graceful action, and remanded by the blushing offender to its former quiescent station. But censure was not even thus avoided, for in the

very effort to please, she had committed a second error, by moving that beautiful brow, which expressed every feeling of her heart; and her dismay, at perceiving her observer still unsatisfied, produced some other involuntary gesture still more reprehensible than the first.

She now therefore saw the Irishmen change from one leg to another, flourish their arms, rattle their watch chains, and swing their chairs, without the horror so elegant a female was bound to experience on beholding such ungraceful motions, for which no sanctioning precedent could be produced at St. James's. And she even granted absolution to the varying expression of the women's countenances, which sometimes bordered on grimace; and extended it to their voices, running through half the gamut in the changes of the most decided brogue that ever offended ears polite.

To speak seriously, she found very great amusement in observing a national character, so dissimilar to any that had ever before fallen under her observation,

and which presented itself with so many comical and so many amiable traits. In every individual she had met, there was something strongly characteristic, from Moll Kelly on the strand at Dunleary, to the proprietor of Bogberry Hall; and, with the exception of Mr. Donolan, who was spoiled in an attempt at refinement, warmth of feeling and good nature seemed to be the portion of each. In order to become better acquainted with this national character, which so much interested her, she determined, during her residence at Ballinamoyle, to visit the cottages in its neighbourhood, and to cultivate the acquaintance of her friend Jarge Quin, hoping to learn from him the peculiar customs and superstitions of the country, while to the venerable Father Dermoody she applied for their explanation and origin. She did not now feel quite so much at ease in referring for information to her former *cicerone*, Colonel Desmond, as she had done previous to their ambiguous conversation in his brother's drawing-room: but his

guarded conduct the remainder of the evening tended much to destroy her first impression; and she felt the utmost confusion, whenever those few sentences came across her mind, accusing herself of the most egregious vanity in annexing a sense to his words that he did not mean to give them ; and asking herself, time after time, whether he could have perceived her mistake. However, these unpleasant ideas soon wore away, and Colonel Desmond played the part of friend so well, that she convinced herself he had not understood her; and in a short time this circumstance, which made her at first feel so embarrassed in his presence, was erased from her mind. And indeed he so dexterously availed himself of all the advantages he possessed to make his society agreeable to her, that she soon began to feel almost uncomfortable without it. He would talk to her of the scenes of her infancy; and she would then gratefully recollect the pains he had taken to teach her the English language, which she now felt of such es-

sential advantage; and would sometimes remind him of the good-natured patience he had also shown, when he first condescended to accompany on the violin her childish performance of concertos and sonatas, and the remembrance of many an inveterately ill-timed passage afforded them now considerable diversion. There was one subject of the deepest interest, that he, and he alone, of all her associates, was master of the virtues and talents of her father; and this, in her enthusiastic filial affection, and his regrets and admiration, was inexhaustible. At first Baron Wildenheim's name was but slightly glanced at; but by degrees she could bear to hear his sentiments and his words repeated, and her heart warmly thanked the man, who had so carefully treasured them in his. Colonel Desmond's humanity and fine feeling told him exactly where to stop. He would,

"When the soft tear stole silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;"

and the sympathy he showed in her affliction tended much to restore her mind to its wonted serenity, by gently drawing forth all those agonizing reflections and remembrances that had fled to hide themselves from human knowledge, to the most secret recesses of her heart. Under all these circumstances a penetrating observer would, perhaps, have pronounced, that if Colonel Desmond steadily pursued his present plan, it would ultimately be crowned with success. At least it is contrary to all experience, that a young woman can long continue to feel *friendship alone* for an unmarried man, who is in all things a lover, except in the declaration of his passion;—nay, if there is no love on either side at first, it is highly probable there will be on both at no distant period, whenever a similarity of taste, ideas, and pursuits, induces a desire of association and intimacy, which circumstances permit to be gratified. Every inexperienced female should be thoroughly aware of the high probability which exists of her be-

stowing her affections on the man with whom she is so situated.

The second evening after their return from Bogberry Hall, Mr. O Sullivan's guests were assembled at tea, when they heard the sound of music in the open air; and looking out, saw a gay groupe of young men and women dressed in their best, two fiddlers playing merrily before them, one of the party carrying a pole, on which were tied small hoops covered with garlands of flowers, intermixed with finery of various sorts, and gloves cut out in white and coloured papers; after them followed the elder members of their families, and, lastly, a crowd of children. The Miss Webberlys saw, with surprise, that not one of the females of the assembly had hat or bonnet. All the young women, except the queen of the garland, wore white round caps, ornamented with some gay riband; some had open gowns of a brilliant calico, others of white linen, with a stuff petticoat, blue, yellow, red, or green, according to the fancy of the wearer; white aprons, handker-

chiefs, and stockings, completed their attire. Their showy dress, rosy complexions, and animated countenances, had altogether a most lively effect.

The dress of the old women was rather different. It consisted of a white mob cap, with a black silk handkerchief brought over the crown, crossed under the chin, and tied behind; a calico gown, with a large and gaudy pattern; and, in addition to the handkerchief and apron, a white dimity bed-gown, with short sleeves, and the skirt reaching half way to their knees; with a bright scarlet cloak hanging on one arm. All the men who were not dancers wore a great coat, of the peculiar frieze of their country. In the dress of the young men there was nothing remarkable, except that each had on a showy waistcoat, or silk handkerchief, to make him look as smart as his sweetheart in her gay gown and petticoat.

Adelaide was delightedly viewing the joyous scene, when she suddenly heard Colonel Desmond's voice returning Mrs.

O'Sullivan's salutation, "It's midsummer's eve," said he, addressing her, "and I could not resist coming to witness your surprise at the curious customs observed here on this night." "I should think Miss Wildenheim wouldn't be such a fool as to go trapesing out on the damp grass with such a set of vagabonds," said Mr. Webberly, who was himself confined to the sofa. Colonel Desmond's attention was too much engrossed by the sweet smiles and tones, with which Adelaide thanked him for his kind recollection of her, to notice the morose look which accompanied this observation; and he acknowledged the speaker no otherwise than by a distant bow, as the fair object of his solicitude left the room to join the rest of the party at the hall door. The crowd had by this time ranged themselves in a semicircle, in the centre of which stood the king and queen of the garland, the former carrying the pole. The rustic queen was the handsomest young girl of the country—

"Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of Pleasure speaking in her face."

Her head was crowned with a chaplet of flowers, whilst her long hair, which is highly prized in Ireland as a part of female beauty, flowed in profusion down her back, and its raven hue contrasted well with her snow-white linen gown. A sky-blue petticoat appeared under her apron in front, and from her girdle hung a wreath of flowers, forming a festoon of varied tints. The temporary king was the best dancer, wrestler, and cudgel-player, and the "tightest and clanest boy in all Ballinamoyle town land." On the right stood the fiddlers, playing Plansety O'Sullivan. When the venerable possessor of this name came forward to welcome the crowd, the united strength of all their lungs sent forth a heart-felt wish of "Long life to his honour, and God bless him, hurra! hurra!" There is perhaps nothing more overcoming than the voice of a rejoicing

multitude. The old man felt the present and the past, as he thought how his beloved Rose was hailed on such anniversaries; and whilst he made his bows of acknowledgement, the tear stood on his aged cheek. When silence was proclaimed, the village schoolmaster stepped forward, and presented him with a song he had written on his honour, and which "Brian Murdoch would make bould for to sing." Brian began with an "Och—" half a second in duration, and then proceeded as follows:—

In Connaught, my deer,
Did you walk far and neer,
At a poor man's requist,
His honour's the best
Of all in the land, of all in the land!
When poverty's near,
He ne'er turns a dafe ear,
But is free wid his store,
Gives kind words galliore,
Wid a bountiful hand, a bountiful hand!
Och!—Wheresomdiver he goes
A blessing there flows,
Like a beam of the sun
Or the soft shining moon,
The joy of our heart, the joy of our heart!

Then long may he rain
Widout sorrow or pane,
And in Heaven be blist,
When he takes his last rist,
Tho' we to the heart rue the day he depart!

The intention of this composition was certainly better than the metre; but for once a poet did not flatter, for Mr. O' Sullivan exercised all the benevolence of his kind heart, in making his tenants happy; and they would in return, to use their own expression, have "gone through fire and water at the dead hour of the night, to sarve his honour. They had a good right to lay the hair of their head in under his feet."

Brian's performance was applauded and encored, and when it was over, there was a little murmur amongst the crowd as if to settle the next act. "Which is her?" asked the king of the garland. "Why, that beautiful lady to be sure, talking to the fat madam in the lavender blossom dress, with the borders all figured out in white," replied an ancient matron, who had been one of the first assembly

at Ballinamoyle. The young man now walked up to Adelaide, and with a bow down to the ground, begged the honour of dancing with her; and she, perceiving it was a national custom, instantly complied; and hearing from Captain Cormac, who handed her to the spot she was to dance on, that the figure of the jig she was expected to perform, was that of a minuet danced quick, she went through it with a spirit and grace, that were unalloyed by any airs of exalted languor.

What! danced with an Irish peasant, and with spirit to! Look down, ye German Barons of sixteen quarters, and ye noble British Peers, on your descendant, and—behold her with pride! for she could be dignified without haughtiness, and complaisant without familiarity—perfectly understanding the art of adapting herself to her associates, without thereby assimilating her manners or ideas to theirs; always preserving that elegance, which "was around her as light," giving to her performance of the trifles of every

day intercourse a charm peculiarly her own, and which as invariably adorned her in the humblest cottage, as it would have done in the most brilliant court, dancing with this king of a rustic pageant, as with the Autocrat of all the Russias; and had she been one of those selected for that honour, she would perhaps, whilst she paid due homage to the rank of the Emperor, have no less forcibly impressed her august partner with the *dignity of the lady*.

However, the most scrupulous belle need not be much annoyed by the contamination she would suffer, by dancing with the king of the garland; for actuated by that respect, which the lower Irish so strongly feel for their superiors, he never presumes to take her hand, but contents himself with dancing opposite to her with all his might and main, at about three feet distance. Thus Adelaide's partner beat the batter on the ground, sprung, capered, hit the sole of his foot with his hand, danced the garland, beat the batter again, set, shuffled,

and capered in turn. Every now and then there was clapping of hands, and "Well done, Lary, keep it up, keep it up!" and a murmur of approbation for Adelaide went round: "She's a beautiful cratur; and what kindly ways she has with her," said one. "The Lord love her little canny feet, how they do humour the music!" remarked another; and so on, till she made her curtsy when the jig was ended; and then there was a general shout of "Huzza! for the young lady and Lary for ever." "Arrah, whist wid your noisy tongues," said an old woman; "you'll trouble his honour, and mind him of Miss Rose. This day two and twenty year she danced on this very spot of ground, and the sarra lady has done the same since from that day till this. Do you see old Dennis there, Cisly?" continued she to her daughter: "Well, Miss Rose smiled so sweet, (I mind it as if it was but yesterday), and said, 'What a wonderful old man Dennis is, to be able to tire me in a dance, at sixty years of age! I hope he'll live to

see many a midsummer's eve.' They say the prayers of them that's soon going to their long home is uncommon lucky; so she left these words for a blessing to ould Dennis, though she was too good to live herself." The old woman's caution was unnecessary—Mr. O'Sullivan had pleaded the damps of the evening and retired, but begged of Colonel Desmond to take his place, and keep the dancers as long as they afforded amusement, as his room was at so distant a part of the house, his *sleep* would not be disturbed. "Alas, no!" thought his friend, "poor man, he will never cease to grieve for his angelic daughter, till she smiles on him once more in another world."

Colonel Desmond perceived there was a stop in the proceedings of the crowd, and recollected that it was customary for the master of the house, or some one in the place, to dance with the queen of the garland, and therefore requested Captain Cormac would do the honours the *etiquette* of such occasions demanded. At another time he would have enjoyed

doing so himself; but at this moment his head was too full of Rose and her father, to think of dancing—or even of Adelaide! Captain Cormac took the garland, as every man was bound to do, and flourished it about, and out-capered Lary himself; whilst his pretty partner, at stated times, cast her fine eyes on the ground, and was swung round by him with averted head, then danced boldly up with one arm akimbo, alternately took the garland, followed, or was chased by him. Little Caroline was wild with spirits, when the crowd, finding out their mistake with regard to Adelaide, raised her on a stout man's shoulders, and pressed round to shake hands with her in turn, while she received their greetings with the utmost cordiality; and, when let down again, she danced and, capered about, as Jarge Quin said, "as merry and as pretty as the little people trip it on the blossoms on May morning."

Mr. Webberly had by this time nearly recovered from the ill humour the sight of Colonel Desmond had put him into,

and had been wheeled in a large chair to the window, for the double purpose of viewing the festive scene, and watching the proceedings of Adelaide. He was evidently in pain either of body or mind, and looked so mournful, so deserted, that she could not resist the impulse of compassion, and addressed to him, from time to time, some casual remark on the groupe before them. For many months she had not voluntarily spoken so much to him; and as Colonel Desmond observed his satisfaction, some painful reflections crossed his mind: "He deceives himself," thought he, "and so do I—she has no love for me either. I ought to tear myself from her; yet a faint heart never won a fair lady, and I see as little cause to despair as to hope." But with an inconsistency, that the agitation of his feelings alone could account for, he whispered to Adelaide, "Be more stern, and you will be more humane; your heavenly sweetness undoes your victim." She looked up surprised, and read that in his countenance, which immediately

gave to hers a degree of gravity which he had never before seen her features wear; and bowing slightly in answer, addressed herself to Mrs. O'Sullivan. He soon found an opportunity of speaking to her again: "Adelaide," said he, sorrowfully, "you are offended; are you like all the rest of the world, capricious and fickle? Do you *reject* the friend of your infancy?" "Colonel Desmond," said she calmly, "I must be frank—infancy does not last forever, '*altri tempi, altre maniere.*'" In these few words she had spoken volumes. To recover himself, he talked sentiment and science to the two Miss Webberlys, and in doing so, heard and made such a display of *esprit*, that it soon deadened his feelings, and in a few minutes he *appeared* as much at ease as ever.

In the mean time the merry rustics performed Quaker minuets, which consist of a mixture of quick and slow movements, a sort of strathspey called petticoatties, and some well executed handkerchief dances, the figures of which are of

the same kind as the shawl-dances of the opera, and admit six or eight at pleasure. It is surprising with what a degree of natural dexterity and vivacity the lower Irish dance: Adelaide thought, "If Horace had been an Irishman, he would not have described the dancing of the Nymphs and Graces in the spiritless manner he has done:—

"Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ,
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes,
Alterno terram quatiunt pede.*

But profiting by Mrs. Temple's hint, she never now said any thing that might lead to the supposition of her being a "learned lady;" at the same time, she heartily joined in the praises, which even Mrs. O'Sullivan and her daughters bestowed on the groupe before them. "It is not all pure nature, however,"

* Literally nearly thus:
Now beneath the beaming moon, Cytherean Venus leads forth the band. The decent Graces, joined by the Nymphs, strike the earth with alternate foot.

said Colonel Desmond; "itinerant dancing-masters go about the country, and there is no lad or lass so poor, that once in their lives, at least, can't afford half a crown for the benefit of their education in this particular. They all gather together in some waste building, or on the level turf; and the scenes that take place in these assemblies are ludicrous beyond description. It is said, that one of our Connaught Vestrises found it necessary, to tie a straw rope about the right leg of his pupils, calling it suggar, and the other gad; and that he used to sing this rhyme to a tune that marks the time inimitably, beating it all the time with his foot: only conceive the bodily and mental labour of such a task!

"'Out with your suggar, my girl,
Right fal la fal la di dy,
Then the gad you must twirl,
Right fal la, &c.
Shuffle your suggar and gad,
Right fal la, &c.
Then you must set to the lad,
Right fal la, &c.'

"It is not surprising," continued he, "that some such contrivance should sometimes be necessary on our Irish mountains, when the Scripture informs us, that a hundred and twenty thousand Ninevese could not discern between their right hand and their left." Adelaide was much entertained by this allusion. And here let us advise those, who regret any accidental coldness that may have arisen with a friend, if they have drollery enough in their composition, to make him or her laugh by all means. It is the surest way in the world to restore familiarity of manner; for we cannot look suddenly cross at the person, who has, in spite of our best endeavours at sullenness, excited the unwilling smile. Those who are "too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker," may try the pathetic; and if they can draw forth sympathetic tears at any horrible story, it will answer the purpose nearly as well, though our experience certainly inclines to the former method.

Whilst the smile yet played on Ade-

laide's countenance, old Dennis walked up to her, and said, with a look where pleasure and regret strove for preeminence, "Faith, Miss dear, when I see your teeth as white as the water-lily, and your eyes dancing like the sunbeams on the lake, ye mind me of Miss Rose; you're the sauanciest lady I've seen since she parted us, when she was in her fifteenth! The sweetest Rose was she in all Ireland, and the like will ne'er bloom again in Ballinamoyle." Adelaide graciously received the old man's compliment; and her eyes filled with tears, as she said to Colonel Desmond, "How much I feel interested for this Rose! She must have been most amiable, to be so long loved and remembered by these grateful people." "She was indeed," replied he, "one of those beings, that would lead a fanciful imagination to suppose, they had nearly arrived at perfection in some pre-existent state, and had been sent on earth, for a short space, to complete their probation, and show what a superior nature might be, even clogged

with our corporeal infirmities. Mr. O' Sullivan never breathes his daughter's name, nor is it ever mentioned before him, except by nurse, whom it is impossible to restrain. His life has passed away so monotonously, that it seems but as yesterday since he lost her, and she now rises again forcibly to the remembrance of the elder inhabitants of this neighbourhood, from the circumstance of Caroline O'Sullivan being brought, as it were, to take her place; which, I assure you, they consider as a sort of sacrilegious usurpation, and feel no small indignation at her having been born in England. Poor Rose! hers was a fatal marriage!—But this is not a fit time to sadden you with the details of her melancholy story."

It was now dark, and some of the dancers came forward to receive the customary donations, after which they proceeded in a body elsewhere. They were in the act of setting up their last "hurra!" when, as if by appointed signal, all the hills were instantly illuminated with

innumerable fires. In the distance blazed the altar of the sun, like a pyramid of light; the nearer flames were reflected in the still waters of the lake. Every island was gay with moving figures and bonfires. Within the spacious walls of the old castle in the centre islet was the largest of all, which was seen brightly beaming through the arched windows and dilapidated walls, while round it a groupe of merry boys and girls were dancing; and a sudden blaze showed here and there similar circles on every hill. Rejoicing voices rose and fell on the gales of night, which also conveyed, from time to time, the music of various instruments. "I never beheld so beautiful a scene," said Adelaide; "what is the origin of this custom?" "It descends to us from our pagan ancestry," replied Colonel Desmond, "who on this evening offered sacrifices to the sun on every hill. A similar custom was observed on the first of May and on the last of October, on which night we keep up the same ceremonies, which Burns has so beauti-

fully described in his 'Hallow E'en.' At this moment the whole of this island is gay with garlands, and dancing, and music; and her numerous population are poured forth on every hill in their best attire, accompanied by mirth and glee, leaving all their cares behind them at their cottage doors." "I hope," said Caroline, "the fires in the castle won't hurt the little fairies Jarge Quin told us of, Adele; I dare say they ran in a great hurry up the walls; or may be the lake is covered with their tiny boats to take them away. When I live here, I never will let a single cobweb be swept." "Why, my dear child, have you so suddenly fallen in love with the spider tribe, as well as the fairies?" "Oh, nurse says they steal in at night through the keyhole, to take the cobwebs to make sails of them; and, when the wind blows them off, they stick to the trees and every thing, and they are twice as good for cuts as those in the house. I have been gathering a whole heap of them to take to England. Oh, Adele! I wish

you would come and hear the beautiful stories nurse tells about kings, and queens, and giants. She puts her spectacles on her nose, and reads all morning out of a book she calls the 'Rabby Night's Intertinmant.' I run down to her every night before I go to bed, and she takes me on her knee, and tells it to me, and gives me cakes. Sometimes she cries when I kiss her, and then she talks to me of my *dear* papa, what a fine young gentleman he was before he went to be a soldier. I'll marry a soldier when I grow big. I think nurse and uncle love me better than any body but you, Adele." It was in vain that Caroline's best beloved endeavoured, in a low voice, to assure her of the warmth of her mother's and sister's affection; she said little in reply, but felt all the pain of being convinced against her will.

The party, when tired of admiring the admirable night scene the surrounding country presented, retired to the

house; and by this time the rustic assembly had repaired to an empty barn, where they danced till sunrise, and then went out to make hay.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave.

CYMBELINE.

THE remainder of the month of June and July passed at Ballinamoyle in various degrees of pleasure or tedium to its unusual inmates. Mrs. O'Sullivan and her three elder children saw the time originally fixed for their departure approach, with almost undissembled pleasure. Notwithstanding the anxious endeavours of their host and his circle, to show them the utmost respect and kindness, and to procure them every amusement within their reach, nothing pleased, nothing interested them ; but if they could find little to admire in England beyond Hyde Park Corner, could they be expected to tolerate Irish barbarism?

They associated much with the Desmond family; but, though this circumstance saved them many hours of *ennui*, it gave them none of real enjoyment. The Miss Webberlys saw Melicent's natural graces with too much contempt to envy them, and for once they associated with a lovely girl without being tormented by this passion. But her father and uncle they little short of hated; the one for his successful raillery, the other for his admiration of Adelaide; which circumstance rendered the latter equally obnoxious to their brother, who attributed to him the bad success of his suit to Miss Wildenheim, still more than to his sprained ancle, which had kept him a close prisoner, and enabled her effectually to shun his society. At home—Mr. O'Sullivan was dismal, Miss Fitzcarril insufferably proud; a Catholic priest was of course an object of illiberal aversion; and of all their associates, young Donolan was the only individual who found favour in their sight; but he had, by his heartless gallantries and fulsome flattery, ingratiated himself

so much with both sisters, that he was a source of constant bickering between them.

They therefore so plagued and prejudiced their weak mother, that she was as much out of humour as themselves. She and Miss Fitzcarril almost quarrelled, though the one was nearly as anxious to court the cousin, as the other to win the son; and the ridiculous pride of ancestry in the spinster kept pace with the narrow-minded pride of riches in the matron. Mrs. O'Sullivan and her amiable children vented all their ill humour on their servants, who, in revenge, quarrelled with the domestics of the house, and expressed their own and their superiors' contempt of every person and thing they saw, without reserve. All this Miss Fitzcarril was mean enough to suffer to be repeated to her with those additional charges scandal-mongers are certain to lay on their retail goods; and she came sometimes full primed with rage from the kitchen, ready to discharge her fire-arms in the parlour, which would not unfre-

quently have happened, had not Adelaide dexterously managed to unload the offensive weapon.

Miss Fitzcarril found the amenity of her manners as invariable as the benignity of her heart. She would, boiling with passion, confide to her friendly ear some tale of horror she had been told by nurse, or the cook, the housemaid, or Black Frank himself; and always heard, in return, some extenuation of the offence, or expression of sorrow that purchased its forgiveness.

Mr. O'Sullivan's guests did not venture to treat him with disrespect, nor Miss Fitzcarril to annoy him with the recital of her various *brouilleries*; his uniformly dignified deportment preserved him from both: yet Mr. Webberly and his sisters he disliked for their airs of affected superiority to others; and had Caroline depended on her *mother's* powers of pleasing, to obtain her uncle's estate, her claims would not have met with much success. An Irish country gentleman, however unpolished he may

be himself, is to an extreme fastidious in his ideas of female gentility. Every one has a code of his own, which he thinks it necessary a woman should follow, to be what he calls "*ladylike.*" His punctilios are frequently unreasonable, and excessively troublesome to the female relatives, who are obliged to conform to them ; but the warm affection, from which they derive so much happiness, is also the source of that pride they sometimes find so annoying. A writer of eminence has clearly shown the difference between *rusticity* and *vulgarity.* Many an unpolished rustic girl Mr. O' Sullivan might think *ladylike:* but a vulgar woman, such as his sister-in-law, was perhaps the object in the world the most disgusting to him ; and it required all his good-nature, and all his hospitality, to make him conquer his involuntary repugnance sufficiently to treat her with the kindness due to his brother's widow. Though Maurice O'Sullivan had been only his step-brother by their father's marriage, very late in life, and there

was twenty years' difference in their ages, he had always felt for him even more than the usual warmth of fraternal affection; and had, for a long series of years, been bountiful to him in a degree that but encouraged his extravagant dissipation; till the elder brother, at last provoked by his career of folly, finally discharged his debts, on condition of the entail being cut off, to enable him to bestow the family estate on some more worthy member of it. But the grave had now closed on all the faults of Maurice's character, whilst memory exaggerated all its virtues; and O'Sullivan would frequently contrast Caroline with her mother, saying in the pride of his heart, "How much of the *father* she has in her! She shows good blood runs in her veins."

To Adelaide Mr. O'Sullivan was unconsciously as kind as to Caroline. Before she had been many days in his house, he had made up his mind that she was "*quite the lady*," and of course possessed of every good quality necessarily

consequent on that, in his mind, highly valued character. Besides he was much gratified by her inclination to be pleased with every thing that was worthy of commendation in his place, and in his country generally ; and with the proper feeling and good breeding, which restrained her from wounding his pride by those offensive remarks he constantly heard from his sister-in-law and her elder children, which however were at least equalled by those of Mr. Donolan. Adelaide had moreover a strong claim on his gratitude for the kindness she showed to his niece. Caroline's father had lavished on her the most unlimited fondness, whilst her mother treated her with comparative coldness. Had she been left to herself, there is no doubt she would have felt the same love for her as for her other children; but she was unfortunately entirely guided by the Miss Webberlys. Cecilia she loved, and Amelia she also feared; and they contrived to alienate her affection from Caroline, whom they considered as an intruder, who would unjustly deprive

them of a part of their lawful inheritance. It is not surprising, therefore, that Adelaide, mourning for the loss of a fond father, should see in Caroline a fellow-sufferer, and should bestow her affections on the only object around her that would receive or return them. The child, repulsed by every body else, flew into her open arms, and loved her with the most doting fondness. She could not bear now to lose sight of her, was the first that entered her room in the morning, and when she was busy, would sit for hours at her side, occupied in any employment Adelaide charitably provided for her. This little girl had naturally a fine understanding, which her friend's judicious management prevented running to waste. It was now with the utmost pain that friend thought of their approaching separation on her return to England; and this idea gave an increased tenderness to her looks, when she gazed with regret on the lovely child, and anticipated the probable blight of the fair promise, internally add

ing, "Alas! I may not venture to love any one; it is my fate to be torn from all my heart has ever cherished!" In consequence of this reciprocal attachment, every one associated Adelaide and Caroline in idea together; those who loved the one loved the other, and their united attractions gained them the good-will of every individual at Ballinamoyle.

But with none of its inmates was the former a greater favourite than with the venerable Father Dermoody: her manners to him were expressive of that deference she had been accustomed to see the Catholic clergy treated with abroad, and she willingly granted that respect, which the impressive, though mild sanctity of his deportment extorted from others; and when he saw once more under Mr. O'Sullivan's roof a young and lovely female all sweetness and intellect, he thought of his beloved pupil, Rose, and sometimes looked at Adelaide, till he fancied he traced a strong resemblance to her who had been the adopted child of his heart—his only earthly pride!

He loved to converse with Adelaide as to the recent state of countries, he had visited in his youth, and he still more delightedly answered her inquiries regarding the history or customs of Ireland, or the antiquities the neighbouring country abounded with, to visit which, Mr. O' Sullivan had induced his guests to make many excursions, as one of the best means of amusing their time. To illustrate these remains, Father Dermoody produced from his patron's library many a musty manuscript and fabulous legend of ancient fame, which he read and explained to Adelaide, with an enthusiastic admiration that was delightful to her to behold; though she was sometimes almost tempted to smile at the excess of his patriotic credulity; for there is scarcely any thing on the subject of national glory too extravagant for ancient Irish manuscripts to assert, or for modern Irish feeling to believe. Adelaide and her venerable friend went one morning to the above-mentioned library, in search of a work relative to "Conaro the turbu-

lent and swift footed," whose tomb at the foot of the altar of the sun they had lately visited. They long looked for the precious relick in vain, but at last Mr. Dermoody descried it on the very top shelf; it was out of his reach, but by the help of a number of boxes piled on one of the heavy old mahogany chairs, Adelaide possessed herself of the treasure, and was preparing to descend, when she heard a gentleman's voice and step in the passage leading to the room. This made her prefer the quickest method of reaching *terra firma*, and she instantly leaped into the middle of the floor; and Colonel Desmond entering at the same instant, exclaimed, "Inimitable, by Jove! Why, Miss Wildenheim, if the principal *sauteuse* of the Parisian opera had seen that graceful flight, she would, through all her rouge, have turned pale with envy. I should think you must find that preliminary much the pleasantest part of the proceedings attendant on the studies those loaded tables tell me you have lately been engaged in." "I hope,"

said Adelaide, laughing and blushing at his raillery, " you, as a true Milesian, are not inclined to slight their contents?" " Except to you, my revered friend," rejoined he, addressing himself to the priest, " who have charity to forgive even greater offences, I never dare own what a capacity of unbelief I have on such subjects; but, Miss Wildenheim," he continued, " I am at this moment much more anxious to hear what you think of the modern Irish, than to dive into the best accredited accounts of our ancient history. Come, confess to this worthy father—did you not expect to find us a set of demisavages, for whom you could feel little else but disgust?" " I am more than half affronted," replied Adelaide, " that you could possibly suppose me to be so illiberal." " And with justice," replied the priest; " wherever the human form is seen, there, I am sure, you find objects to love and reverence;—the Supreme has impressed on every being he has created some marks of his majesty and goodness." " Yes, my dear sir,"

rejoined his youthful auditor; "but the proud heart of man draws a line of circumvallation round the cities he has erected, within which he confines every thing that is admirable in the human race. Surely we should rather imitate the liberality of the ancient poets, who peopled every hill and dale with superior natures." "You must however acknowledge," said Colonel Desmond, "that those classic favourites of yours never imagined any thing half so beautiful as our northern fairies! I don't know which of those ill-behaved scolds, the goddesses, it would not be an affront to compare a modern *élégante* to; and pray what are all the accomplishments of Minerva, the best amongst them, to those of a girl of fashion, unless indeed she could plume herself on speaking Greek, in the style of the simpleton who was lost in admiration at the acquirements of the Gallic ladies, who could all converse in French with so much fluency? But the pure, elegant Queen of Fairies is the very prototype of female loveliness!

I suffer considerable uneasiness on your account, Miss Wildenheim," continued he, with much gravity. "On my account, Colonel Desmond?" "Yes; for I am informed by those most in her majesty's confidence, that, 'when to the banks of the dark rolling Danube fair Adela hied,' she was seen by some of the fairy court; and that very evening, 'late, late in the gloamin, Hillmerry came hame,' being thought insipid in comparison of the more charming Adela. And now behold her conducted to the chief seat of the fairy power! But if she could be tempted to show that a small portion of human malice lurks in her heart, we might hope to keep her still; therefore I am more than ever anxious she should answer the question I put regarding the mortal inhabitants of this island." "I could not presume," replied Adelaide, colouring as she spoke, "on a casual acquaintance, to suppose myself qualified to estimate fully the merits or defects of the Irish nation; perhaps national character is of all subjects the one on

which a woman is least competent to form a correct judgment ;—but the Irish character, as it has presented itself to my view, is one I most sincerely and warmly love." Colonel Desmond seizing her hand in delight, shook it almost unconsciously for a second or two, whilst Father Dermoody, in an emphatic tone, and with a complimentary bow, said—

"La sagesse est sublime, on le dit, mais, hélas !
Tous ses admirateurs souvent ne l'aiment guère ;
Et sans vous nous ne saurions pas,
Combien la sagesse peut plaire."*

Gentle reader, if you are *not* Irish, you will be perhaps much puzzled to find out what Adele said on this occasion, so marvellously wise. If you are an Hibernian, you will say, "The dear creature !" Be that as it may, Miss Wildenheim pleased her auditors better than if

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Wisdom's sublime, we still are told it,
Yet few admire, though all uphold it ;
And but for thee we ne'er had prov'd,
How much e'en wisdom may be lov'd.

she had uttered three pages of Socratic sense. Poor Colonel Desmond felt but too deeply the admiration the priest had expressed; and putting up a prayer, that she might one day descend from generals to particulars, in the application of these sentiments, was suddenly most assiduous in the examination of the contemned manuscripts.

Adelaide, curtsying her thanks for Mr. Dermoody's flattering application of the lines he had repeated, was alleging some trifling excuse for retiring, when Mr. O'Sullivan came into the room to make his daily request, that she would join him and Caroline in a saunter round the garden, where he went every morning with them to gather the nicest fruit it contained for his two favourites.

The party had not proceeded many paces from the house, when they were joined by Mr. Webberly, who was now sufficiently recovered from his sprain to persecute Adelaide once more with his attentions. Mr. O'Sullivan, addressing him with much civility, said, "I am

happy to say, Mr. Webberly, that your mother has consented to remain with me till after the first of September, in order to celebrate my dear little Caroline's birth-day; and bespeak for her the good wishes of my tenantry, who will assemble to congratulate us on the occasion. "Dear uncle, how I love you!" said the little girl, twisting her arms round him; "only for Adele, I think I should break my heart when I go away from you." He pressed her fondly in his arms, and said, "What will be your consolation, Caroline, will be an additional grief to me! My dear young lady," continued he, turning to Adelaide, "you know not the sorrow the idea that I may never see you again causes me; your society has given me more pleasure, than I thought I ever should have felt again. Your sweet attentive manners have reminded me of one whom even you might be proud to be compared with!"—He paused—his faltering voice had told how deeply he was affected, and a general silence prevailed for a few

minutes, which was interrupted by Mr. Webberly saying, "I'm sure you'll have no objection to celebrate Miss Wildenheim's birth-day too, sir;—she will be of age on the thirty-first of August; that day one-and-twenty years, sir, was a happy day for the world, Miss Adelaide!" "Happy! Good God!" exclaimed the old man; and dropping Adele's arm, which he had slipped within his, retreated to the house. "I had almost forgot—" said Colonel Desmond to the priest, much moved, "was that the day——"—"Yes the day," interrupted he: "Alas! a father's heart never forgets."

CHAPTER IX.

Vous êtes belle, et votre sœur est belle,
Entre vous deux tout choix seroit bien doux,
L'Amour étoit blond, comme vous,
Mais il aimoit une brune, comme elle.*

BERNIS.

WHILST these scenes passed in Ireland, Lady Eltondale and Miss Seymour arrived at Cheltenham. At first, Selina's delight at breathing once more the pure air of the country made her almost wonder at the pleasure she had so lately found in the feverish amusements of London. Her step was still more elastic, as she trod the beautiful meadows that

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* Thou art lovely—so is she;
Say, which should my heart prefer?
Cupid sure was fair like thee,
But his love was brown like her.

lay along the banks of the Chelt; and when, mounted on her favourite mare, she extended her rides to the surrounding hills, she seemed to regain a fresh existence.

The picturesque beauties of Dodswell, the magnificent panorama of Lackington Hill, the curious remains of Sudeley castle, all were in time explored and admired by Selina; and often did she prefer a solitary walk amongst the sheltered lanes of Alstone, to accompanying Lady Eltondale to the morning mall, where crowds assembled at the Wells ostensibly in search of health, but really in pursuit of pleasure. In one of these morning walks, as she rested under the shadow of a gigantic oak, while the fresh breeze played on her glowing cheek, and the song of earliest birds alone interrupted the general silence, her thoughts involuntarily turned to those days which had glided by in similar scenes, when she used to bound like the fawns she chased through the park at Deane, or with more measured

steps, though not less buoyant spirits, attended her father, as in his Bath chair he took his morning exercise on the broad smooth terrace, that stretched along the south front of the venerable mansion. The whole scene rose to her mind's eye, and she saw, in imagination, the lawns, the fields, the gardens, in which she had spent so many happy hours, and which were

"Once the calm scene of many a simple sport,
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew."

She dwelt with a melancholy pleasure on the recollection of all the beloved companions of her earlier years, and sighed to think, that those moments of innocent delights would never again return to her. From this painfully pleasing reverie she was roused by the crying of a child, and the sound of an angry voice, exclaiming in a harsh key, "Hold your tongue, you little devil—ban't I going as fast as I can?" It seemed as if manual correction followed this expostulation, as

the infant's cries were redoubled, and Selina heard its little voice, saying in a plaintive tone, "Mammy, mammy, me be a-hungry, me be tired." At that moment a turn in the road presented the speakers to her view, and she beheld a young woman, in whose pallid cheeks disease and wretchedness struggled for preeminence. A few coarse black locks strayed from under a cap, which might once have been white, but now in dirt and yellowness rivalled the complexion of the wearer, whilst it served to contrast a gaudy riband, by which it was encircled; a ragged, coloured handkerchief scarcely concealed her shrivelled bosom; and a cotton gown, which in its variegated pattern showed all the hues of the parterre, trained in the dust, and was partly caught up under her arm, below which appeared a tattered stuff petticoat, that scarcely reached to her knees. Her countenance was, if possible, more disgusting than her dress: her dark black eyes and oval forehead showed still some trace of beauty; but an expression of

unblushing vice called forth sensations rather of disgust than of compassion. The little ragged urchin, that trotted by her side, endeavoured, on seeing Selina, to hide its head beneath her gown; but after a moment's deliberation, she dragged him from his concealment, and pushing him forward, desired him to demand charity. Selina, pitying the infant, more from the appearance of its associate than even from its own wretchedness, could not deny its request; and while she gave the poor child all the silver her purse contained, she inquired if the woman was its mother. "To be sure I am, my lady," replied she, in a tone of impertinent carelessness; "else what do you think I'd be troubled with such a brat as that for?" "It seems a fine boy," returned Selina, willing to rouse the maternal feelings that seemed so nearly extinct. "And where do you live?" "Down in that hut yonder, and a pretty penny I pay for it. Our landlord never comes to these here parts; if he did, he wouldn't let us be so racked; but he

never thinks of us when he is away, and Mr. Smart, his agent, raises our rents just as he pleases; but he has our curses for his gains;" so saying, she seized the child roughly by the arm, and pursued her way, muttering imprecations Selina shuddered to hear. She also proceeded towards home; but her thoughts now took a more unpleasant turn. She recollected with sorrow how many poor cottages on her estate might also, with reason, lament the loss of a landlord, who had always inquired into their distresses and relieved their wants. But she, though possessed of such extensive means of being useful to her fellow-creatures, had hitherto seemed to consider the possession of fortune only as affording her a more ample opportunity for selfish gratification. She called to mind the happiness she had formerly experienced in charitable occupations; and reflected, with remorse, that since she had plunged into the vortex of dissipation, no tear had been wiped from the cheek of indigence by her generous aid—no smile of

gratitude had hailed her approach to the couch of misery or pain. Of the many hours she had wasted in the pursuit of pleasure, not one had been devoted to the purposes of benevolence; and while she had lavished uncalculated sums in extravagance and folly, she had never purchased the inestimable benefit of a poor man's blessing.

This trifling incident served to awaken in Selina's mind feelings and reflections that had long lain dormant. The whole tenour of Lady Eltondale's conduct had been calculated to efface all the impressions formerly made on her, both by the precepts and example of the admirable Mrs. Galton; and while her Ladyship contrived, by cautious degrees, to impede, and finally almost destroy the correspondence with her, which might have served occasionally to recall the first, the latter was almost totally obliterated from her mind by the entirely new scenes, into which she had been introduced. As to the habits of charity, to which both from inclination and instruc-

tion she had been early habituated, but little opportunity for their exercise had occurred since her residence with the Viscountess; for the very servants at Eltondale were too polite to admit a vulgar beggar within its gates; and in London she had been taught to consider all vagrants indiscriminately as impostors, whom it was almost a crime to relieve.

But are those aware, who are anxious to find plausible excuses for delaying or omitting the fulfilment of the duties of charity, that the feelings of the human heart, though inflamed by casual restraint, are extinguished by a continued suppression? And wo be to that breast, in which the sentiments of benevolence and compassion are destroyed! The virtues of humanity, as they are those which most peculiarly belong to this present state of existence, so is the exercise of them most necessary to our individual happiness in this world; for he, whose heart has never melted at the sorrows of others, will assuredly, sooner

or later, know the agony of seeking in vain for one sympathising bosom on which to repose the burden of his own.

When Selina returned home, she was scarcely less pleased than surprised to find Mr. Sedley seated at breakfast with Lady Eltondale. They were so deeply engaged in conversation, that her entrance was unnoticed by either; and as her astonishment at perceiving so unexpected a guest made her pause for a moment at the door, she heard Lady Eltondale say, apparently in continuation of a previous speech, "And have you proof of this from himself, Mr. Sedley?" "Yes; proofs such as must convince even your Ladyship; otherwise I would never have made the proposal I have done." Selina here interrupted him, but her appearance was so sudden, that it was many minutes before he could collect his thoughts to address her with any composure. Lady Eltondale, however, showed no embarrassment; she inquired most kindly what had so long detained Selina; said that she and Mr.

Sedley, whom she had accidentally met at the well, had walked miles in search of her; and finally joined in her vivacious raillery against Mr. Sedley for his visible confusion. In answer to Selina's inquiries when he arrived at Cheltenham, "Only yesterday," said he; "I was quite disappointed at not meeting you at the rooms last night. How is the detestable head-ache that Lady Eltondale told me prevented your accompanying her there?" While Selina hastily dismissed the subject of her casual indisposition, which, in truth, she had hardly remembered, a momentary surprise glanced across her mind at the recollection, that Lady Eltondale had not mentioned to her having seen Mr. Sedley; but she had not time to dwell on the thought, as the Viscountess immediately renewed her inquiries as to what could have so unusually prolonged Selina's walk; and the beggar woman and her boy recurring to her mind, she forgot all her doubts and past reflections, in the earnestness with which she entered into

the description of all the wretchedness, which she "was sure the poor infant must suffer from its unfeeling mother." Lady Eltondale seemed to take uncommon interest in the relation, which she prolonged by apposite questions and remarks of "Poor child!—Of course you gave it something.—No wonder you returned so late.—I suppose you were just come home, just opened this door, as I perceived you.—Dear infant, I should like to have seen it!" And thus continued the conversation, while Mr. Sedley took a turn or two across the room; put into his pocket a letter-case that lay beside his coffee-cup, and regained all his customary self-possession. With his usual manners he resumed his place in Selina's estimation; and the hours flew by unnoticed, as he entertained her with the relation of a thousand ridiculous adventures, all of which had occurred either to himself or "his particular friends," during the space of three weeks, which he called an age, since they parted. And in truth he did

not much exaggerate, when he described his regret at their having been so long separated. Like the unguarded moth, he had flitted round the flame till he actually suffered for his folly; for his improved acquaintance with Selina, during the latter part of their stay in London, had so far increased his admiration of her, that what was at first merely a preference chiefly influenced by pecuniary considerations, had now become a passion almost too powerful to be controlled. He had yet however sufficient command over his feelings, to avoid any verbal expression of them; and, while he carefully demonstrated how interesting to him had been all her observations, by delightedly referring to their former conversations, and recapitulating even her most trifling remarks, his present adulation was so delicately conveyed by inferred compliment alone, that, while Selina was gratified by the flattering attention thus obviously paid her, she felt it would have but compromised her own modesty, had she, by disclaiming

praise thus subtilely offered, appropriated to herself an admiration that was only insinuated. And how did Lady Eltondale approve of this? In truth she was not aware of the whole tendency of Mr. Sedley's discourse; a stolen glance or a peculiar emphasis explained his application of a particular sentence to her, who alone he meant should understand him; *et au reste*, the Viscountess, like a skilful navigator, always floated down a stream she found it impossible to stem.

Selina almost persuaded herself, that every clock and watch in the house was out of order, when Lady Eltondale asserted, that the hour was come for Fazani's raffle, which she had particularly patronized; and as, accompanied by the Viscountess and Sedley, Selina walked under the dark avenue, that led to that fashionable rendezvous, she could not help internally observing, "how much Mr. Sedley's vivacity and good-nature enlivened every society of which he was a member."

CHAPTER X.

Lady Sneerwell.—You are partial, Snake.

Snake.—Not in the least; every body will allow, that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look, than many others with the most laboured detail.

School for Scandal.

When they entered Fazani's, the raffle was only waiting for the arrival of the Viscountess. The prize was a beautiful work-box, and Fortune, who at that moment seemed to smile with peculiar benignity on Sedley, chose him to be the successful adventurer. As soon as he was declared victor, he immediately brought the treasure towards Lady Eltondale and Selina, and the latter, with pardonable vanity, flattered herself that he intended it as a present for her. But in this she was mistaken. He addressed

himself to Lady Eltondale, and in a low tone said, with peculiar emphasis, "Will your ladyship accept this from me as a *gage d'amitié?*" "I take it as a flag of truce," replied she in a similar tone. "Then from henceforward you are my friend," exclaimed Sedley, seizing her hand with unusual vehemence. "At least not your enemy," answered the Viscountess.—"But this is not a proper place to settle our preliminaries."

This conversation was unintelligible to Selina, yet not uninteresting, as she felt a vague consciousness, that it in some way related to herself, and a momentary distrust of both speakers glanced across her mind. But her attention was quickly attracted by Lady Hammersley, who, on perceiving Lady Eltondale, had advanced from amongst the crowd to pay her compliments. The Viscountess was as minute in her inquiries regarding all that could concern Lady Hammersley, as if she had been sincere in her professions of being glad to meet her; and though Lady Hammersley's eyes were fixed on

Selina, it was some minutes before she was sufficiently disengaged to accost her; at length she abruptly exclaimed, "Miss Seymour has, to all appearance, profited as much by her residence in London, as I prophesied she would; possibly amongst her other acquirements she may have learned the art of forgetting old acquaintances." Selina's colour rose, and the implied rebuke checking at once the friendly salutation with which she had prepared to address her, she returned her recognizance with an elegant but frigid compliment, worthy a pupil of Lady Eltondale. "Admirable!" retorted Lady Hammersley with a scornful smile: "My penetration is not baffled. I must write to Mrs. Galton, to notice the improvement *I* always anticipated." "Why, does your Ladyship know Mrs. Galton?" inquired Selina anxiously; while Lady Eltondale, leaning on Mr. Sedley, took the opportunity of escaping from her "Dear Lady Hammersley." "I do know Mrs. Galton," replied she; "we were together all last winter at Bath; and

she, Miss Seymour, was so convinced of your perfection, that she never would believe it was even in Lady Eltondale's power to *improve* you, as I guessed she would, and see she has done." "Dear, dear aunt Mary!" exclaimed Selina, bursting into tears, as she heard this instance of a disinterested partiality, to which she had lately been unused, even though the recital had been made with more of acrimony than of benevolence. Lady Hammersley looked for some moments steadily at Selina, and then continued in her usual cynical tone, "Pray, Miss Seymour, compose yourself; Lady Eltondale will be shocked at my having betrayed you into so gross an impropriety. I had not the slightest idea that the mention of Mrs. Galton would have roused your feelings, and still less that you could have been tempted to exhibit them." Selina felt hurt at the undeserved censure, which both Lady Hammersley's words and manner expressed, and, with a look of dignity, replied, "I am indeed ashamed of betraying them where they

can be so little understood;" and took leave of her Ladyship with a proud politeness, which admitted of no reply. Lady Hammersley for some moments looked after Selina, as she moved to a distant part of the room, where Lady Eltondale was waiting for her. "That girl is still worth knowing," thought she; and for once she turned an unprejudiced eye on the lovely form and heavenly countenance of the innocent girl, who had hitherto so undeservedly shared in the contempt and hatred, which her Ladyship had always been accustomed to feel for every thing, that in the remotest degree appertained to Lady Eltondale.

Meantime Selina joined the Viscountess, while "disdain and scorn rode sparkling in her eyes." "Has Lady Hammersley been entertaining you with any sententious aphorisms?" asked Lady Eltondale. "No," replied Selina, laughing. "For once she has been talking on a subject she does not understand." The Viscountess was not sufficiently interested

in her Ladyship's harangues to inquire further, and they continued their walk till it was time to separate for dinner.

The amusement allotted for that evening was a public concert, and Lady Eltondale and Selina had acceded to Sedley's earnest entreaty of attending it. He accordingly took post in the outside room, waiting for their arrival, and anxiously inspecting every passing groupe, as the different parties entered, in hopes of recognizing them. But his expectations were disappointed; no Lady Eltondale or Selina made their appearance: he bewildered himself in conjectures; and at last, in a moment of pique, attributing their delay to caprice, he left the rooms before the concert was finished, cursing woman's inconsistency, and his own folly, in ever having suffered himself to be interested about any. This sage reflection was however chased long before morning, not only by the recollection of Selina's manifold charms, but of his own manifold creditors; and at an early hour he repaired to the well, where he and Lady Elton-

dale had agreed to meet, in order to finish a conversation neither was particularly anxious Selina should witness.

But Lady Eltondale was not to be found; and when the hour for the general dispersion of the company arrived without his seeing her, he lost patience, and hastened to her house to inquire the cause of her protracted absence.

But there, to his utmost consternation, he learned that an express had arrived, just as the ladies were preparing to go to the rooms the night before, to inform the Viscountess, that Lord Eltondale had suddenly expired at Eltondale, after having partaken of a turtle feast with more enjoyment, and even less restraint, than ordinary. Of course neither Selina nor Lady Eltondale was visible, and Sedley returned home agitated by a thousand conjectures and emotions.

It was not to be expected, that Lady Eltondale would deeply lament the death of a husband, who, notwithstanding his uniform indulgence to her, had never

possessed either her esteem or affection; but nevertheless Selina could not help being shocked at the total apathy and ingratitude she displayed; as without even assuming a grief, which it would have been almost more a virtue to dissemble, than thus openly to contemn, she only thought of, only lamented, the change of her circumstances the event would inevitably produce. Selina listened in astonishment to the calm retrospection of past extravagance, and the despairing anticipation of future poverty, in which she indulged even in those first moments of widowhood; and disdaining to offer consolation to the only sorrows she could hear unmoved, at an early hour retired to her own room.

There far, far different reflections agitated her bosom. There is a certain sympathy in misfortune, which, touching a chord that has once jarred, finds an echo in our own breast;

> " Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
> Which show like grief itself."

Thus the sudden dissolution of Lord Eltondale recalled to Selina's mind all the circumstances of her father's death ; and though neither in her judgment nor affection they could ever have been compared, yet the last sad scene of mortality blended her recollections of both, and with unrestrained tears she gave way to all the poignancy of regret, in the solitude of her chamber, which the freezing insensibility of Lady Eltondale would have repressed, in the presence of her who should have been the greatest mourner.

In the morning her swollen eyes and pallid cheeks bore testimony to her sleepless night; and as from Lady Eltondale she expected reproof rather than sympathy, she was not sorry to receive a message, stating that her Ladyship wished to breakfast alone, as she was engaged in writing letters.

Selina, lost in reflection, unconsciously prolonged her solitary and almost untasted meal, till she was roused by the abrupt entrance of Lady Hammersley, who, profiting by her plea of relation-

ship, had come to inquire all the particulars of the Viscount's death. Though Selina now felt a degree of repugnance to Lady Hammersley, which her almost impertinent remarks had provoked, yet she could not with propriety refuse the details she demanded; and she accordingly answered her numerous questions with as much brevity as politeness permitted. But her auditor seemed to attend more to her countenance than to her words, and at last abruptly exclaimed, "I certainly did not expect to see so much real sorrow in this house of mourning; you are a good girl, I believe, after all; and I like you for having at least *some* feeling left." Though Selina was always grateful for advice, and even reproof, dictated by affection, yet she did not feel, that Lady Hammersley was in any way authorized to offer her either; and therefore she replied, with an air of *hauteur*, which the recollection of her observations the day before increased, "My acquaintance with your Ladyship has been so short, that neither my feel-

ings nor character can be known to you: have you any commands, madam, to Lady Eltondale?" and rising as she spoke, she prepared to quit the room. But Lady Hammersley, taking hold of her hand, exclaimed, "What, proud too! well, I like you the more for it; come, sit down, you and I must be better acquainted. For once I am inclined to think I have been mistaken. When first I saw you at Eltondale," continued she, in a tone of unusual kindness, "I was interested by your personal appearance; but above all, by your simplicity of character: but as I knew these were the two precise points, which must infallibly be most changed by your residence with Lady Eltondale, I looked upon you only as a fine piece of plaster of Paris, which she would probably mould to external perfection, but leave all hollow within. I should therefore (forgive my frankness, Miss Seymour), most likely, never have thought of you again, had I not met Mrs. Galton; who spoke of you in such terms, that I own I was curious to learn

whether my prognostics were verified or not. Circumstances have accelerated my knowledge of you; and since I find, at least to all appearance, that Lady Eltondale's arts have not entirely spoiled your character, I am anxious that her schemes should not militate against your happiness." "Schemes! Lady Hammersley, I am at a loss to understand you." "Her favourite scheme," returned her Ladyship, "is this,—she intends you should marry her step-son Frederick Elton, now Lord Eltondale; and her visit to Deane Hall, which you may remember this time twelvemonth, was to procure your father's consent to the match, in which she succeeded." "My father's consent!" exclaimed the agitated girl. "But Mr. Elton and I are unacquainted; we have never even seen each other. You must be mistaken, my dear madam." "No, there is no mistake; both your late uncle and Mrs. Galton were my authorities." "And do you say my father gave his consent?" "I do say so: and I also know, that Frederick is now on his return

to England, intending to propose for you. Come, my dear, do not be so agitated: he is one of the finest young men of the day: his character amiable, and his manners attractive; so perhaps you cannot do better than make choice of him, provided your affections are not otherwise engaged." A pause of some minutes ensued. Lady Hammersley then continued: "But in telling you Lady Eltondale's scheme, it is fit I should explain her motive; for be assured, Miss Seymour, no action of hers can ever be disinterested. The fact is, she has long known, that the Eltondale estates are as much encumbered as the entail permits them to be; and in securing your property for Frederick, she flatters herself she has secured an increased jointure for herself." Selina shuddered, but could make no reply. And Lady Hammersly rising, said, "I have now, my dear Miss Seymour, told you all I know: you may think me an impertinent old woman, but, be assured, I only wished to be a kind one. God bless you! perhaps we may never meet again;

for I suppose Lady Eltondale will leave this place immediately. But don't forget the key I have given you to her character; and believe me it is not a false one." So saying, she affectionately kissed Selina, who took leave of her with a gratitude and cordiality, she would a few hours before have believed it scarcely possible she could ever have experienced for Lady Hammersley.

It may be supposed this conversation made a deep impression on her mind; and one of the most painful feelings it excited was the insight it gave her into Lady Eltondale's selfish and dissembling character, confirmed as it was by her own previous observations. But even these feelings had not long power to withdraw her attention from that part of Lady Hammersley's communication which related to Frederick, and which was also corroborated by her recollection of several remarks and casual speeches of Lady Eltondale, which, at the time they were made, had seemed to her accidental and undesigned, but each of which, on retro-

spection, appeared "squared and fitted to its use." Nor did the circumstance of her deceased father having given his consent to the match serve, as with some romantic ladies it might have done, to determine her against it; on the contrary, it rather served to prejudice her in its favour; and a long train of reflections was concluded in her own mind by Lady Hammersley's observation, "So perhaps you cannot do better, provided your affections are not otherwise engaged."

CHAPTER XI.

Why she, even she—
Oh! Heav'ns! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer.

HAMLET.

SELINA'S meditations were disturbed by a summons to Lady Eltondale's dressing-room, on a subject of no less importance than the choice of mourning: a mixed sentiment of contempt and indignation took possession of her mind, as she saw every feeling, that should have been called forth in that of the recent loss, absorbed in the more momentous reflections suggested by the comparative merits of the bombasins. But when the bevy of milliners left the room, and Lady Eltondale, hiding her face with her handkerchief, gave way to an outrageous burst

of grief, Selina condemned herself for her premature judgment. " That is fortitude, which I have cruelly termed insensibi lity," thought she; and softened by her tears, the first she had ever seen her shed, she kindly took her hand, and addressed her in terms of condolence. But Lady Eltondale interrupting her in a tone, which from contending passions almost approached a scream: " Spare me, spare me," exclaimed she, " I can bear any thing but *pity*. Good God! is it come to this! am I, the envied, flattered Lady Eltondale, born to be *pitied?*" Then turning to Selina, with a countenance distorted with rage, and her figure distended into more than common loftiness, " You mistake me, Miss Seymour," she continued; " though that man of sloth, that dormouse, Lord Eltondale, has left me almost pennyless; though all my entreaties, all my reasons, could never rouse him from his indolence, to make him active for or against ministers, either of which would have procured me a pension; yet do not fancy I am yet to be

despised. My spirit is independent, be my circumstances what they may, and they may still be bettered."

Selina was thunderstruck at this address. She could scarcely recognise the calm, dignified Lady Eltondale, in the being convulsed with rage, that writhed beneath her steady gaze. In the contortion of uncontrolled passion, the veil had dropped, and the delusion vanished. A silence of a few moments ensued, and both the ladies recovered themselves; Selina to explain the condolences she had meant to offer as kindnesses, and Lady Eltondale to receive them with that degree of gratitude, she timely recollected it was most prudent to profess. And now,

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That in a spleen unfolds both Heav'n and earth,"

did the Viscountess reassume all her usual calmness, and more than her usual charms. Stretching out one white hand towards Selina, whilst she pressed the

other on her forehead, "Forgive me, my love," exclaimed she, "this sudden misfortune has quite overpowered me. But you, Selina, I know will bear with me; you will not forsake me."

Selina gave her every assurance, that duty and compassion, if not affection, could suggest; and Lady Eltondale, with that feverish restlessness of mind, which was no less distinguishable in her, than the calm self-possession of her external deportment, immediately proceeded to arrange the plans for her future life. "We will leave this directly," said she, "as I am anxious to return to Eltondale as soon as possible, after the funeral of my poor dear Lord is over. I want to arrange my papers, and my jewels, and a thousand little trifles that are my own property, and may be useful to me hereafter; and then we can be decided by Lord Eltondale's answer to the letters I have written to him, whether to await his return at Eltondale, or to spend the intervening time at Brighton." "Or suppose, my dear Lady Eltondale, we

return to Deane, I shall be so delighted - - -" "Impossible, my love," interrupted the Viscountess; "in my present weak spirits such a retirement would kill me." But this selfish, unfeeling woman was yet to learn by deprivation the value of those blessings she had hitherto disregarded, and of that kindness she had only despised. Before she could decide at which of the gay watering places it would be most advisable for her to pass the first months of mourning, Lord Eltondale's steward arrived, in the utmost consternation, with the agonizing intelligence, that the Viscount's creditors had seized on all his personal property, to pay some part of the debts her extravagance had so largely contributed to contract. They had possessed themselves both of the house at Eltondale and in Portman Square; and mercilessly stripped them of all they could lay claim to of their splendid furniture, not even sparing her Ladyship's "jewels, and the thousand little trifles," which she had determined to appropriate to herself. Bitterly

did she now inveigh against the memory of him, whose inconsiderate compliance with all her unreasonable demands had principally occasioned the distress of which she so unfeelingly complained. At last, having exhausted her passion in invective, she next employed herself in suggesting and debating on a variety of schemes for her immediate residence: and at length being convinced, that a few months of the very retirement at Deane, which she had at first so indignantly rejected, was the most advantageous measure she could now adopt, she endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and accepted Selina's proposition in such a manner, as would have convinced a stranger, that her sole reason for doing so was compliance with Selina's wishes.

The delighted girl did not, however, pause to investigate the motives of the Viscountess's assent to her plan. With a little of the vivacity, which once had marked her every impression, did she now anticipate with fond delight her re-

turn to those beloved scenes of her happy infancy. Her heart beat high as in swiftest thought she pictured to herself being once more pressed to the maternal bosom of Mrs. Galton, and once more enjoying the calm unembittered pleasures of her earlier years. Overcome by the various emotions these thoughts gave birth to, she retired to her own room, to regain composure, and to write to persuade her dearest aunt to meet her there.

But an unforeseen difficulty arose to their quitting Cheltenham. Lady Eltondale, with her usual inconsiderate extravagance, had run into debt with almost every shopkeeper in the town; and the tradesmen, from the moment her departure was announced, sent in their demands with what she was pleased to call impertinent importunity. Her own resources had been long exhausted; and perhaps of all her mortifications, none was to her so severe as being under the necessity of applying to Selina for pecuniary assistance. But notwithstanding

Selina's accession of fortune, when she lost her habits of early economy, she with them lost the power of being generous. The last letter she had received from her banker had informed her, that her account was so much overdrawn, he could no longer accept her frequent drafts: and when she was obliged to refuse Lady Eltondale's request for money, she received a practical lesson on the folly of extravagance, which was more effectual than any precepts could have been. But Lady Eltondale was not to be repulsed by trifling difficulties; her brain, ever fruitful in expedients, suggested the possibility of Selina anticipating her rents, by drawing a bill on her agent in Yorkshire. Impatient of delay, and dreading the demands which her other numerous creditors in London and elsewhere might bring forward against her, she prevailed on Selina to go the next day to Mr. ———'s bank to negotiate the transaction in person, and fixed to leave Cheltenham as soon as possible afterwards.

Accordingly, very early the following morning, she proceeded to obey Lady Eltondale's directions, having desired the steward, who professed to be well versed in such business, to meet her at the bank, in order to explain all that was necessary for her to do: she however needed no introduction, the wealth of the great Yorkshire heiress was too well known to require any confirmation; and on signing a paper which she scarcely looked at, she joyfully received the sum she desired, without stopping to calculate at what price the banker and the steward had agreed she was to purchase the accommodation.

Elated by her success, she sent the money to Lady Eltondale by the steward, while she proceeded to take a farewell ramble amongst her favourite walks, and to indulge in their retirement the pleasing reveries the idea of returning to Deane Hall had excited. Her solitude however was soon interrupted: Sedley, who for the last three days had with restless anxiety hovered round her door,

had followed her unseen, and now hastily overtook her. On first seeing him she was half tempted to return, but he, perceiving her intention, half seriously and half carelessly, put her arm within his, and led her forward. At first he paid her the common compliments of condolence; but when, in answer to his inquiries, she told him she and Lady Eltondale were to leave Cheltenham that day, his surprise and disappointment overcame all his resolutions, and with a vehemence of manner and expression, that almost terrified Selina, he declared his passion in the strongest terms. So little had Selina been accustomed to think of him as her lover, that at first she considered his address merely as an effusion of gallantry, and as such returned it with careless *badinage*. But his renewed protestations convincing her he was in earnest, her trepidation increased, nor would she probably soon have recovered her composure, had she not perceived that he misconstrued her prolonged silence. As soon therefore as he would

permit her, she interrupted him, by politely thanking him for his good opinion of her: "But," continued she, "it distresses me even more than it flatters me: I cannot encourage a partiality I feel I do not return." With an agitated countenance, and looks almost of menace, he now inquired who was the favoured mortal she preferred. "It is not that I prefer another," replied she, "but I do not sufficiently prefer you. I think the only way I can repay your kindness is by treating you with perfect frankness. Do not therefore think me harsh when I say, that though I certainly prefer your society more than that of most others, and though I prize your friendship most highly, I by no means feel for you that exclusive partiality, of which I know my heart is capable; and without which, in my opinion, there can be no happiness in married life." "But may not time and assiduity win your affections, dear, dearest Selina; let me still hope." And then, with all the eloquence he was master of, did he implore her to consider him

still as her friend; and to permit him in that character to enjoy her society, and at least endeavour to gain her love.

But the delicacy of Selina's mind shrunk from the idea of encouraging an attachments he never meant to return; and scorning the little arts by which so many women gratify their own vanity, at the expense of those feelings which they seem to soothe, she steadily refused to give him any ground for expecting her to change her present sentiments: for within the last few days she had "communed with her own heart," and understood it better than she had ever done before. However her refusal though firm was gentle; and when Sedley parted from her at Lady Eltondale's door, the tempered smile that played on her lip, and the tear that gemm'd her eye, spoke so much of female softness and benevolence, that he departed more enamoured than ever; and, hastening home, shut himself up in his chamber, to indulge in a variety of schemes and reflections, which all concluded, by his determining never to re-

linquish her pursuit, and by a natural consequence persuading himself his case was not yet desperate:

"None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love will hope where reason would despair."

When Selina entered the drawing room, she found Lady Eltondale too much engrossed by her preparations for departure, to notice her protracted absence and agitated appearance. And when a few hours afterwards Selina actually found herself seated in the carriage, which was to convey her to her own home, her thoughts became so entirely occupied by painfully pleasing retrospection connected with it, that for a time all others faded from her mind. Orders had been dispatched for its being prepared for their arrival. And as they travelled but slowly, sufficient time was afforded for their execution. For the last few miles Selina preserved an uninterrupted silence, her whole attention being occupied in endeavouring to recognize every well known

object; and as each succeeding tree, and cottage, and spire, met her view, a sentiment of pleasure, amounting almost to agony, oppressed her. At last, when the carriage turned up the long avenue, her feelings could no longer be repressed. She sobbed aloud, and concealed her face in her handkerchief, which she did not remove till she found herself pressed to the palpitating heart of Mrs. Galton, who having received Selina's letter when on a visit in Lancashire, had succeeded in anticipating her arrival by a few hours.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XII.

Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on beauty's glistening eye,
To ask and pause in hope and fear,
Till she reply.
MONTGOMERY.

IMMEDIATELY after the departure of Lady Eltondale and Selina from Cheltenham, Sedley had also quitted it, as he could not bear to remain in a place, which had been to him the scene of his fondest hopes—his bitterest disappointment. In fact his having met Miss Seymour there was by no means the effect of accident. When she and the Viscountess had left London in June, he had found such a loss in her society, especially in those particular hours, which he had of late been accustomed to pass in his daily visits to Portman Square, that life appeared a blank, and his regrets for her

absence first taught him the extent of his regard. Not however that his mind, tainted as it was by so many of the fashionable follies, if not vices of the day, was capable of truly comprehending all the chaste and simple beauties of hers. His admiration was confined to her personal charms; and though, had she been fated to move in a humbler sphere, he would perhaps have sought her as a substitute for the pretty little opera dancer, that was now under his *protection*, as it is elegantly termed; yet with all Selina's loveliness, his aversion to matrimony would scarcely have been subdued by any less powerful motives than those suggested by her riches. For, like all spendthrifts, Sedley was avaricious; and these united interests, confirmed by habits of association, and increased by vanity, led him by degrees to feel for her an attachment, of which at first he could scarcely have supposed his heart to have been susceptible. Having once convinced himself, that the possession of Miss Seymour's hand and

fortune would contribute to his own individual happiness, (for of hers he did not stop to think,) his next object was to determine how to procure it; nor did he consider her being the destined wife of his friend as any impediment to the accomplishment of his own wishes. He, however, was well aware, that it was of the utmost consequence to him to obtain the countenance and support of the Viscountess; and as he possessed sufficient penetration to discover the master passion of her soul, he took his measures accordingly. Soon after she went to Cheltenham he wrote her a letter, in which he so far betrayed the confidence Frederick Elton had reposed in him, as to communicate to her all he knew of his attachment to the fair Adelina at the villa Marinella; and concluded by proposing, in the most guarded and delicate *terms* to her Ladyship, that she should befriend him instead of Elton—offering, if she would procure for him Selina's hand, either on the day of their marriage to give her a large sum of money, or to

settle an annuity on her for the remainder of her life.

The information thus conveyed to Lady Eltondale of Mr. Elton's attachment to a foreigner did not very much surprise her. She suspected that the reluctance he had expressed about two years before, to accept an honourable and lucrative employment in the diplomatical line, which his father had procured for him, and which had obliged him to leave Catania to reside in Paris—his subsequent return thither, and his protracted stay on the continent, had all proceeded from some such motive.

But on the other hand Mr. Elton had, in his letter to his father, stated explicitly, "that he was not only willing, but anxious, to make every endeavour to gain Miss Seymour's affections, and bestow his own on her; convinced, on mature deliberation, that such an attachment would effectually conduce to his happiness, by filling that void in his heart, which so much militated against it." And as he was expected to return

very shortly to England, she hesitated to accept Mr. Sedley's offer, although it was a temptation she could scarcely resist. The result, therefore, of her deliberations was, that she would remain neuter; and whichever of the candidates Selina's unbiassed judgment made choice of, she would endeavour to persuade owed their happiness to her influence. She therefore wrote an equivocal answer to Mr. Sedley, which he construed of course in the sense most favourable to his wishes, and hastened to Cheltenham, where he used all his rhetoric to secure her friendship; and she, with many a subtle argument, endeavoured to persuade him not to propose for Selina till after Frederick's arrival; and as he was by no means confident of the place he held in Miss Seymour's estimation, he probably would have postponed his declaration till time had more matured the regard he flattered himself she felt for him, had he not been irresistibly impelled by circumstances, as has been before related. Her refusal, however,

did not entirely extinguish his hopes, although it changed his plans; and as the public prints had, about a fortnight before Lord Eltondale's death, given notice of Mr. Elton's departure from Paris, on his return to England, Sedley determined to repair to London immediately, for the purpose of meeting him, as he knew business would require his presence there. Nor was he disappointed; in about three weeks Lord Eltondale arrived; and Sedley sedulously sought to renew their intimacy, as much then from interested motives, as he had once done from inclination and preference. But though these two young men associated as much as they had been accustomed previous to Lord Eltondale's residence abroad, little remained of their original friendship, except its familiarity of intercourse, which a *habit* of intimacy will long preserve. Yet Frederick was scarcely conscious of this aberration of regard, which was, on the part of Sedley, produced by a rivalship Lord Eltondale was unsuspicious of; and on his own

was principally owing to the gradual change, that had taken place in their characters. Sedley, by the influence of dissipated companions, had converted his natural vivacity of spirits into levity of principle. Lord Eltondale, by the peculiar circumstances which had led him to self-communion, study, and reflection, had turned the energies of his nature to pursuits worthy of the powers of his mind, and of the rank he was by nature and fortune destined to hold amongst the sons, which England proudly boasts as truly noble.

Lord Eltondale had written to the Viscountess, that it was his intention to pay his compliments to her and Miss Seymour immediately on his arrival in England; but he, from one day to another, sought excuses for delaying this visit to Deane Hall; and Sedley was not unwilling to assist in the search, for he still hoped to gain by delay. When he had first met Frederick, he had inquired, with as much indifference as he could assume, whether there was any founda-

tion in the newspaper report of his marriage with Miss Seymour; to which his Lordship replied, in a peremptory tone, "Yes, if she will have me;" and immediately changed the conversation in such a manner, that Sedley had not again the courage to renew it. However, at last his Lordship fixed the day for the commencement of his journey to Yorkshire, and the evening before he as usual spent in his friend's society. They were conversing of far different matters, when Sedley abruptly said, in a tone of marked pique, "Well, Eltondale, so you have at last determined to do Miss Seymour the honour of proposing for her. Upon my soul, a great condescension! Notwithstanding your damned lecturing letters, I knew you would forget your 'charming Sicilian maid, fairer than Proserpine,' and all tha pack of metaphysical stuff you used to write to me. I knew well enough from the first it was only an ideal Laura you fancied yourself Petrarch to; and if, while you were dreaming of her, you had lost the incomparable *heiress*

your designing step-mother intended for you, it would only have been what you deserved." "For Heaven's sake, Sedley, what do you mean?" said Lord Eltondale, colouring deeply. "Is the incomparable *heiress* the Laura of your dreams?" "No, no, my Lord," answered Sedley, with a composure produced alike by envy and mortification, "I leave it to *you* to play the part of sleeper awakened—I never lost my senses for any *Adelina*." "Sedley!" replied Lord Eltondale, with the serious energy of deep feeling, "if any spark of our former friendship remains in your bosom, I conjure you never to mention that name again. I can never forget *her*, but she refused *me*." "Refused you!" exclaimed Sedley, in a tone of unfeigned surprise; "well, no doubt your pride has cured your love; but upon my soul I almost pity you; for when a man is once fascinated by a pretty woman, it is devilish hard to get out of her toils." "So far from my pride being my cure, her refusal raised my love to a pitch that made my

former attachment seem cold in comparison. You may smile, Sedley, but if you have a heart to be moved, it must be touched when I tell you of her noble conduct on that occasion. I believe I told you of my intention of proposing myself to her; but I never could summon fortitude to acquaint you with the result. I had perceived a marked change in her manner to me some time before I wrote you the last letter concerning her; but I attributed it entirely to her father's influence, as I had not come to a direct explanation, and therefore took an opportunity of demanding an interview for that purpose, when I knew him to be absent.

"When she entered the room where I was waiting in breathless expectation of her arrival, she was enveloped in the most icy coldness of manner, which, however, I was not dismayed by, but poured forth my love with all the ardour I felt. She changed colour many times, and was silent for a few moments; but when she did speak, rejected my ad-

dresses with such dignified politeness, and with so much calm self-possession, that, mortified to the very soul, I, without reply or remonstrance, walked out of the house. That I might hide my wounded feelings from every eye, I struck into a private path which led through a flower-garden Adelina's sitting-room opened into. I instinctively turned to look in, when I beheld her kneeling, evidently in the act of prayer, her eyes streaming with tears. To see her weep, and retain self-control or resentment, was impossible. I was at her side in an instant;—she started up, and endeavoured to fly, but I forcibly detained her; and as the expression of her countenance was not to be misunderstood as to the cause of her grief, I implored her not to destroy our happiness by harbouring any false impressions of me or my family; entreated her to tell me the impediments to our union, that if it were possible, by any exertion of mine, to do them away, they might cease to exist. She turned aside her

head to hide the gushing tears, and in a faltering voice desired me to leave her. —'Leave me,' said she, 'only for a few moments, that I may recover composure to tell you all.'

"I respected her feelings sufficiently to remain in the garden till she made a sign to me to return.

"When I entered, grief, in her calmest attitude, was seated on her brow. No tear dimmed the majesty of her commanding eye, but a convulsive smile sometimes passed over her pallid lip. She told me that her father, though a German Baron, was a British subject by birth, but that some unfortunate circumstances induced him to condemn himself to perpetual exile from his native land; that she could not desert her duties by leaving him, in the evening of his days, to sad solitude in a foreign country; nor would she ever consent to obscure the morning of my life by suffering me, if I were so inclined, to quit my country, and leave my high calling unfulfilled, to waste my hours at her side in unavailing regret

for my lost character: and addressing me with the utmost solemnity, said in conclusion, 'Frederick, if you really love me, as I think you do; if you are the noble being I believe you to be—you will not, after this meeting, try my feelings by any further solicitation. My resolution is unalterable—do not deprive me of my self-esteem, by making me feel the sacrifice I make to filial duty too painful.'

"I then told her, if she would promise to be mine when these obstacles to our union were at an end, I would wait in joyful thankfulness any length of time.

"'No, no,' said she, 'I could not, in justice to you, enter into such an engagement. Our affections are involuntary—you *cannot* answer for the continuance of your attachment. Time, absence, your country, your family, will estrange your heart from *me*; and honour alone would continue to bind you to me when love had fled. I should, when too late for recall, be doomed to inconsolable misery, by finding your sense of duty

had destroyed your happiness. As for myself, I could not live under such a load of hopes and fears. No, Frederick, from this day I will endeavour to destroy every memento of our having ever met. Hope must be completely eradicated.' Irritated by the misery of my mind, I had the *inhumanity* to upbraid her in words that I would now give worlds to recall, with being cold and unfeeling. 'Would to Heaven I were!' exclaimed she, and abruptly leaving the room, forbid my following her.—I never saw her afterwards."

Here Lord Eltondale started up, and paced the room in an agony of feeling difficult to describe. Even Sedley was moved with compassion. "Poor fellow!" said he, in a suppressed tone, "And did you make no further attempt to change her resolution?" "I wrote several letters from Catania, and returned from Paris after my second visit there to see her once more, but the villa was deserted—Baron Wildenheim and his daughter had gone no one knew whither."

"Wildenheim!" exclaimed Sedley, "Good God, is it possible!—Wildenheim did you say?" Frederick repeated this name, and he, on hearing it a second time, danced about the room like a madman. "Sedley, are you absolutely and entirely insane?" exclaimed his friend, indignant at the levity of his behaviour—"Beware!—by Heavens, you trifle too much with my feelings!" "Well, you shall judge of the justice of my conjectures; but if you give me the smallest interruption, I will leave you in the state of blessed ignorance you at present enjoy," replied Sedley, wringing his hand rather than shaking it. "First, then, to describe your charmer, for I spent a month in the house with her last autumn. *Imprimis*—her mind I know nothing about; she was so damned shy, sitting alone all morning writing amatory odes to your Lordship I suppose—there now, if you interrupt me I have done."

Here Sedley made a short pause. He felt that all was at stake: the effects of a few minutes' conversation might decide

his fate for life. He hastily revolved in his mind Lord Eltondale's Sicilian letters, which he had lately read for the base purpose of divulging their contents to the Viscountess, and calling to mind the points on which Frederick's admiration had been founded, endeavoured to paint Miss Wildenheim's charms in those terms which he judged most likely to raise his friend's love and regrets to their *acmé*, and thus for ever defeat Lady Eltondale's schemes for uniting him to Selina. In reply to Frederick's entreaties to proceed, he continued with affected carelessness, "I can scarcely give you a more minute description of her person than of her mind. Her beauty is not to be compared to——" (Miss Seymour's, he would have said with well acted indifference, had he not timely recollected her name was a "word of fear," not only to himself but his auditor)—"that of some of our reigning belles; but 'the charm of Celia altogether' is so captivating, so *touching*, that no one ever thought of *beauty* in her presence; nor is admiration the senti-

ment she excites, that, like her attractions, can only be felt, not described. Come, don't be jealous ; her indifference to me, and every other man she associated with, was too marked to encourage that love it would have been impossible not to have felt but for this coldness. Her form and motions were so graceful, that my attention was too completely engrossed by their exquisite elegance to observe her stature ; nor was I more at liberty to remark the *minutiæ* of her features, rivetted as I was by the enchanting expression of her countenance, where softness is ennobled by dignity, and animated by intellect.

"In short, I no longer wonder at what I once termed infatuation, if '*la bella Adelina*' be (as I verily believe she is) the lovely Adelaide Wildenheim——" "Where is she, for God's sake where is she?" "Why, your Venus is at this moment—not rising from the sea, but—enjoying the delights of a mud bath in a bog in Ireland. I will furnish you with proper directions to find her. I advise

you to lose no time; I assure you, you have a dangerous rival in the son of the lady she resides with;—a year may have made a great change in her sentiments though." Here a severe and long continued fit of coughing saved Sedley from betraying the laughter he was almost convulsed by, at the thought of the rival he had terrified Lord Eltondale with, in the person of Mr. Webberly. "Better, my dear fellow, better," said he at last, in answer to Frederick's earnest concern on his behalf: "though, to continue my speech, her aversion even to him was so decided, I have no doubt her constancy to you would stand a much greater probation." At first Lord Eltondale's joy was too great for him to believe all this was not a dream; and he questioned Sedley over and over again as to every particular regarding Miss Wildenheim. The latter had profited considerably by the lessons he had received during his intercourse with the Viscountess, in the science of insinuation and *finesse*, and now therefore artfully related every cir-

cumstance likely to strengthen his friend's passion for the "divine Adelaide;" but perceiving at last from Frederick's countenance that he was in danger of overacting his part, he abruptly discontinued a *tirade* on her perfections, by exclaiming, "All this comes of romancing, Eltondale; if you could have condescended to have designated your dearly beloved by any more specific term than 'the fair Adelina,' this *qui pro quo* would never have occurred.—Why the devil did you never tell me she was plain Adelaide Wildenheim?" "I had very strong reasons for my silence as to her surname. Though I never knew a man more highly endowed in mind than Baron Wildenheim, or whose manners bore the stamp of more refined elegance, more impressive dignity, yet there was something extremely mysterious in the manner in which he sometimes avoided, sometimes sought, conversation on English affairs; in a moment he would interrupt a discussion he had seemed much interested in, with a perturbation that excited unfavourable

suspicions, which were confirmed in my mind by a variety of minute circumstances.—None made a stronger impression than the following occurrence:—I one evening unexpectedly met him and Adelina walking through a beautiful grove in the neighbourhood of their villa. They were conversing earnestly, and, to my astonishment, in English—he with that pure accent a native only can possess, which was forcibly contrasted by the pronunciation of his daughter. I claimed him as my countryman, and rallied her for concealing her knowledge of my native language. She, evidently embarrassed, blushed deeply, (how beautiful she looked!) whilst the Baron, with a haughty austerity, only answered my compliment by a profound bow; and, after some trifling remark, pointedly addressed to me in *French*, alleged the lateness of the hour for taking their leave, and expressed a flattering wish to see me the following morning; thus politely giving me to understand my presence was not at that moment particularly

agreeable. This confirmed my former surmise, that in the revolutionary period he had been engaged in some dark affair inimical to the interests of Great Britain, and that Baron Wildenheim was merely a *nom de guerre*, to cover the *incognito* he found it expedient to assume; therefore I purposely avoided mentioning it to you. Now as for Adelina—that is the Italian diminutive of Adelaide, which her father always called her; it was the first I heard her addressed by; it is one, in short, that has a charm in my ear, which none who has not loved, *approved* as I do, can conceive." "It is strange enough, Eltondale," remarked Sedley; "but you and Miss Wildenheim must have been in Paris at the same time; for she related to me one day a whimsical occurrence, which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, that one of your letters informed me you had also witnessed." "Is it possible!" exclaimed Frederick, "how unfortunate we did not meet! I now recollect, I once thought I saw her at the *Théâtre François*; if so, she had contrived to for-

get me in a great hurry; for though it was but three months after a parting that was almost death to me, she was looking as gay and as happy as possible." Here Sedley made an involuntary grimace, internally exclaiming, "The devil she did! That agrees but badly with the *Il penseroso* I have described with such effect." "Baron Wildenheim," continued Lord Eltondale, "I certainly did see, but could not ascertain whether the lady who was with him was Adelina or not; for when I approached near enough to put the matter out of doubt, either by accident or design, she threw a large shawl over her, so as effectually to conceal her figure from my sight; and before I could push through the crowd to speak to them, they had left the theatre. However I trust, thanks to you, my dear friend, we shall soon meet; and if her heart is still mine, what happiness!—Gracious Heaven! Miss Seymour!"—and the recollection of his situation regarding Selina glanced through his mind, turning all the past to pain—"I must not, dare

not, think of her now." "And why not?" replied Sedley, with an agitation little inferior to his own, "You are not irrevocably engaged to Miss Seymour, Eltondale?" "I am as much as a man of honour can be, who has not received the lady's own consent from her own mouth. But my poor father got Sir Henry Seymour's consent to our marriage above a year ago—read those two letters, Sedley, the last I received from Lady Eltondale immediately after my father's death. You will see by the tenor of it, that she considers the business as concluded; and though she does not positively tell me Miss Seymour's opinion, she distinctly says she has no doubt of our mutual happiness!"

The first of these letters gave Sedley the most unequivocal proofs of Lady Eltondale's double-dealing, in speak ng of Selina to Frederick as decidedly his future wife, at the very moment when she seemed to favour his own pretensions. He dashed the letters, one after the other, on the table, with a violence that made

it resound, and internally imprecated "the treachery, the artifice, of this damned dissembling woman!"

A sense of the moral rectitude, which should guide the conduct of *others*, grows surprisingly acute, even in the breast of the most worthless, when they themselves begin to suffer from the effects of dissimulation in their associates. At that moment Sedley could have demonstrated sincerity to be "the first of virtues"—in theory at least—deferring the *practice* of it to a more convenient season.

For some time both these young men remained absorbed in their own reflections; till at last Sedley endeavoured to persuade Lord Eltondale, that it was not incumbent on him to pay his addresses to Miss Seymour: but neither the sophistry of his friend, nor still more the pleadings of his own unconquered passion, could make him swerve from the rectitude of his principles. He knew that even in his very last letter to his stepmother, he had mentioned his intention of proposing for Selina, and therefore, under all the

circumstances considering himself as pledged to do so, he endeavoured to find solace in what would once have been the *acmé* of misery—a belief that Adelaide no longer cherished any regard for him.

On the other hand Sedley, passing at once from hope to despair, conceived it impossible Selina could refuse an offer so unexceptionable; and attributing her indifference to himself to her ambitious views, internally vowed revenge on both. The rival friends separated with feelings, which resembled only in their poignancy and defiance of control; and the next morning Lord Eltondale left London, pursuing, with agitated haste, his journey to Deane Hall.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

AND where meantime were Lord Osselstone and Mordaunt?—It may be recollected, that they had left London, previous to Lady Eltondale's great ball, on a tour to the continent—a journey which was not undertaken solely from motives of amusement. One of Lord Osselstone's brothers had many years previous to that period left England; and though the Earl had, by means of a mutual friend, a Mr. Austin, learned from time to time that he was still in existence, he had never succeeded in discovering his retreat; but for the last eighteen months he could learn no tidings whatever of his brother, as during that time Mr. Austin had been at the Ma-

deiras with an invalide daughter; and as from some circumstances he was induced to think he might gain satisfactory intelligence on this subject at Vienna, he, accompanied by Augustus, proceeded thither for the purpose of procuring it.

The late Lord Osselstone had married twice. His first wife brought him two sons, namely, the present Earl, and Charles Mordaunt, father to Augustus. But his second lady, a German by birth, only one child, called Reginald, who, becoming an orphan at the age of sixteen, was left by his father to the sole guardianship of his eldest brother.

Reginald, as his mother's heir, inherited German estates of considerable value, which unfortunately deprived him of the happy necessity of applying the powers of his ardent mind to any determinate pursuit, and also made him an object of speculation to those vicious beings, that lie in wait for the unwary youth, who is sufficiently wealthy to recompense the trouble of destroying him.

Never were two brothers more sin-

cerely attached to each other than Reginald and Lord Osselstone. The Earl cherished a twin soul in the aspiring spirit and lofty genius of his youthful charge, whilst he was himself the model and the pride of his admiring ward. Though Lord Osselstone's father had, by sage precepts and example, compressed, rather than exalted the energies of his nature, yet he was unfortunately too young to serve as a Mentor to his brother, at the critical period in which he was confided to his care. In truth, his partiality saw in him no fault; but if he had, his experience was insufficient to teach him how to control his restless spirit: and thus, though the affections of Reginald's heart were excited by the warmth of fraternal love; though his talents were improved, and the deep feelings of his soul rendered still more intense by his strengthened intellect; yet his reason, as it regarded the conduct of life, was totally uncultivated; and in place of steady, well-defined principle regulating his thoughts and actions, he

was *impelled*, rather than guided by his imagination and his feelings, which taught him to cherish a mistaken species of honour, that made him more tenacious of his *fame* than careful of his conduct. As long as he was "no man's enemy but his own," he thought himself blameless. But no accountable being should dare to wage this civil war against itself. The man who is his own *enemy*, is nobody's *friend*, and almost always a pest of society.

Shortly after Reginald came of age, Lord Osselstone was grieved and terrified to see him follow the steps of Charles Mordaunt, who led the impetuous youth into a vortex of dissipation. The acuteness of the Earl's feelings giving a corresponding tone to his reproofs, their asperity only served to make Reginald shun his society, and seek, with more avidity, that of his second brother; by whom he was initiated into all the agitating, destructive pleasures of the gaming-table; and soon became entangled with a set of gamblers, who, in

a short time, brought his finances into a state of considerable embarrassment. The chief of this depraved crew was a Mr. Mortimer, who, by the attractions of a beautiful daughter, lured young men to their destruction at the gaming-table, where she, with all the fascinations of the most accomplished Syren, favoured his schemes. But her charms were more generally acknowledged than her claims to respect; and her reputation being on the decline, her father was anxious to marry her to some of his victims, in order to give her, under another name, that station in society she was on the verge of forfeiting in her own. She made an easy conquest of Reginald, who was so bewitched by her attractions, that, playing with even less than his usual skill, he lost in a few nights at the faro table a sum he feared would complete his ruin, by rendering the sale of the greater part of his maternal inheritance absolutely necessary. He therefore lent a delighted ear to Mr. Mortimer's proposal of allowing this honourable debt as a por-

tion to his captivating daughter. Reginald, overjoyed to obtain at once the woman he passionately loved, and the relief of his embarrassments, without a *public* exposure of his follies, sought his brother Charles, to communicate to him the gratifying intelligence. Charles Mordaunt was horror-struck on hearing it, fearing it would be impossible now to withdraw Reginald from that labyrinth, into which he had unwarily led him; and knowing full well, that, if he was once connected with Mortimer, no effort could save him from entire destruction. However, concealing his distress from his unsuspicious brother, he immediately communicated the circumstance to Lord Osselstone, making a candid confession of his own share in the transaction, and painting, in the most forcible terms, the impending danger of Reginald. The Earl, without an hour's delay, discharged Mortimer's claim, threatening him with the utmost vengeance of the law if he ever admitted either of his brothers to his house again, and, in the most peremptory

manner, insisted on his writing a letter, acknowledging the payment of Reginald's debt, and stating that Miss Mortimer declined the honour of his addresses. Lord Osselstone then repaired to Reginald, when, unfolding Miss Mortimer's true character, he accompanied his assertions with such "damning proof," that her hitherto infatuated lover could not refuse to acknowledge his conviction of their truth. But now, in a paroxysm of rage, accusing the Earl of the most savage cruelty in undeceiving him, he said, his honour was engaged, there was no retreat; but he must, like a second Decius, plunge into the gulf with his eyes opened to all its horrors.

Lord Osselstone suffered him for a time to *feel* and express all his distraction; and when he had, in idea, raised himself to a pitch of insupportable misery, he gave him the letter he had extorted from Mortimer. Reginald's joy and gratitude were then as unbounded as his anguish of mind had so lately been, and he willingly acceded to Lord Ossel-

stone's propositions. These were, first, that he should accept a commission in a regiment, then stationed in distant country quarters, by which he hoped to separate him effectually from all his worthless associates, and break the chain of his destructive habits. Secondly, that he should resign the conduct of his affairs to Mr. Austin, a lawyer of probity and talent, and consent to receive, for some years, only a limited stipend from his extensive German estates, of whose value the Earl was better informed than their possessor; but he wished, by this means, to make Reginald feel the deprivations his follies deserved; knowing also, that the most probable method of destroying his habit of prodigality would be to limit his power of expenditure. To gratify his brother's feelings, the Earl consented to receive, by yearly instalments, the large sum he had advanced for his benefit; but, at the same time, generously resolved to restore it at a future period, when the gift would run no risk of proving a curse.

Reginald rigidly kept his promise of for ever renouncing the gaming-table, giving, in the regularity of his conduct, the best proof of his lasting gratitude to his brother, and the most delightful reward that brother could receive for his almost paternal solicitude. Three years after this period, Reginald's regiment was ordered to Ireland, where he was stationed at Limerick. He admired, in turn, several of the beautiful women that place was then famous for; but finally fixed his affections on Rose O'Sullivan, the only child of the present proprietor of Ballinamoyle. This lovely girl was at that time entrusted to the care of an aunt, who resided at Limerick, her father being anxious to vary the retirement of her home, by what was to her, from the effect of comparison, a scene of extreme gaiety. Perhaps few women could have boasted of equal beauty, the effect of which was to Reginald rendered irresistible by the vivacity of her artless manners. Soon seeing her innocent partiality to himself expressed in her speaking

eyes, any doubt he had before entertained of the expediency of proposing for her was set aside by this discovery.

When she returned home, he followed her to Ballinamoyle; and on the day in which she completed her seventeenth year, he received her hand, which her father gave with mingled joy and sorrow. Happily his regrets at resigning his idolized Rose were not rendered insupportable, by foreseeing that this act would for ever deprive him of his blooming child, and condemn her to an untimely grave!

At no very distant period, Reginald's regiment was ordered to the neighbourhood of London; and the tears of heartfelt grief which Rose shed on bidding adieu to her father, and the scenes of her happy childhood, were dried by her husband's fondness, and by his descriptions of the pleasures London would afford her. But in proportion as Reginald's eye became familiarized to his wife's personal graces, he deplored, with keener perception, the rusticity of those

very manners, which had at first delighted him from their bearing the stamp of unsophisticated nature, and forcibly contrasting with the artful blandishments of the worthless Miss Mortimer. His pride could not brook, that fastidious elegance should find aught in his wife to ridicule or disapprove. He therefore determined for some time to seclude her from the world, till he should, by the aid of the best masters and his own assiduity, cultivate her talents and polish her manners; for which purpose he purchased a beautiful cottage in the neighbourhood of London. Though her extreme quickness of parts, stimulated by her unceasing anxiety to please Reginald, enabled Rose to make a rapid progress in the various accomplishments her masters taught her; yet she reflected with sorrow, that she "never dreamed of having her schooling renewed by her marriage." When Reginald, with ill-concealed chagrin, criticized her every word, her slightest movement, she would say to herself, whilst her beautiful eyes swam in tears, "My

poor father thought all I said was right; and so did Reginald too when I was at Limerick;" whilst the reflections that kept pace with these in his mind were, "By Heavens, her brogue is incurable! I despair of ever breaking her of calling me 'Reginald dear, and darling.' Thank God, Lord Osselstone is at Athens!—She never will be presentable!"

In short, he was still more weary of instructing than she was of learning; and it would be difficult to say, whether pride or mortification predominated, when he came at last to the conclusion, that there was no reason why he should seclude himself from the world, because his wife was not sufficiently polished to be introduced to those brilliant circles of fashion, in which alone he would suffer her to move. The result of these deliberations was, his establishing himself in the most fashionable lodgings in town, leaving the young and lovely Rose to improve her mind, and "mend her manners," in almost total solitude.

One day, in Bond-street, he accident-

ally met an old friend of the name of Montague, who took him home to introduce him to his new married lady; who proved, to Reginald's astonishment, to be no other than the *ci-devant* Miss Mortimer.

The fascinations of her wit, the polished elegance of her manners, again bewitched him, and he indulged without restraint, though equally without design, in the dangerous pleasure of associating with her. He became a constant guest at Montague's table, flattering himself "there could be no impropriety in their intercourse—she was married, and so was he." The consequence of this renewed intimacy was the revival of their former attachment. His respect for the laws of honour, his regard for his friend, and some latent compassion, if not love, for his deserted wife, kept him for a short period hovering on the borders of virtue, sometimes slightly passing its bounds, sometimes retiring far within. But Mrs. Montague, led on by her passion for him, as well as an undefined mixture of good and evil in her

natural disposition, revealed the plan her husband, in conjunction with her father, was following, to make him once more a victim to his former passion for gaming; for Mr. Montague's fortune and character were alike ruined by his connection with Mortimer.

Reginald's rage knew no bounds at this discovery of his supposed friend's perfidy; and hurried on by love and revenge, he persuaded Mrs. Montague to elope with him. Montague was equally exasperated at being made the dupe of his own arts; and by the idea, that while he had employed his wife to delude his intended victim, she had only deceived, betrayed himself. Pursuing the fugitives without delay, he unfortunately overtook Reginald. Their mutual recriminations produced a duel, in which all the usual forms were set aside, and Montague's life fell a sacrifice to his own and his antagonist's dereliction of principle. All sparks of virtue were not yet extinct in Mrs. Montague's heart;—horror-struck at hearing the dreadful catastrophe, she

told Reginald their guilty connection must from that moment cease, and enjoined him to seek his safety in immediate flight. Unknowing what course best to pursue; impelled at one moment, by his distracted conscience, to deliver himself up to justice; withdrawn the next from this resolution, by the love of life and the suggestions of pride; wavering between the two, he almost mechanically returned to his lodgings in London. Here retiring to his usual sitting-room, he threw himself in a state of distraction on a sofa, eyeing from time to time, with varying intent, a pair of pistols he had laid on the table. At last, startled by a noise he heard in an inner room, he sprung up, and was in a moment locked in the arms of his fond wife, who, alarmed at his long-protracted absence, had timidly ventured hither to seek him, and had just heard of his elopement with Mrs. Montague. "I *knew* it wasn't true!" said she, "My darling Reginald, you could never have the cruelty to break my heart by leaving me: you will come

back to Richmond with me, and then I shall be happy again." "Never, never!" exclaimed he, in an agony of despair: "No happiness for me, Rose!" Then, with a look and action bordering on madness, he whispered in her ear, "I have killed Montague!"

Rose was one of those women, whose fortitude and strength of mind are scarcely even suspected, till they are called forth by the hour of trial. Though these few words had sent a death blow to her heart, as soon as she recovered from their first shock, she thought of them only as demanding immediate exertion for the preservation of her husband's life. As the first step, she proceeded to remove the pistols. Reginald, roused by the attempt, desired her to desist. "You do not *dare* to die," said she, looking at him with steadfast earnestness. "You shall be satisfied; justice shall take its course, and then you will be sufficiently revenged! Rose, begone!—this is no scene for you!—Go!" continued he, stamping with vehement fury on the

floor—"By the eternal God I *will* be obeyed." "No," said she, calmly, "never will I part from you more, Reginald. In breaking your marriage vows, you have forfeited your right to my obedience. Even to the grave will I follow you!" She then threw herself at his feet, imploring him, by every tender name, to consult his safety without delay; represented that, in a foreign country, he might, by years of future happiness, repay her for the sufferings of the dreadful present. Overcome by his feelings, he had not power to interrupt her; and at last, in a state of stupefaction, allowed himself to be disposed of as she pleased: he was conveyed from London that night, and by the exertions of Mr. Austin was enabled to reach Hamburgh in safety, where they took up their residence. Here Rose used every exertion to soothe the anguish of her miserable husband's mind. Neither in thought, word, or look, did she make one selfish reproach; her very prayers were breathed more for him than for herself. His

love and admiration far exceeded what he had ever before felt. When he looked back to the few preceding months, he wondered how he could, for a moment, have slighted this angelic being, whose superiority to himself he now with tears acknowledged; but his tenderness came too late. She had suppressed her feelings on hearing his fatal communication, to save the object who excited them; and she now, with merciful affection, concealed all those melancholy forebodings so natural to the timid female in her anxious situation, though she felt her health rapidly declining, and anticipated with regret her approaching doom. She sighed to think she must, in all her blooming charms, bid adieu to the world, its brilliant pleasures yet untasted. She daily besought Heaven to spare her, to sweeten the bitter cup Reginald had prepared for himself; implored that she might again bless her father's eyes, once more receive the fervent benediction of the instructor of her early years, and confess her errors to his pious ear; and

dearer than all, she longed to bestow a mother's love on her babe—to welcome its first smile, to return its endearing carresses. But with the patient resignation of a saint, she submitted to her fate. When Reginald beheld with rapture the tremulous lustre of her eye, the fatal hue that glowed on her cheek, and crimsoned her love-breathing lip, he knew not what they too plainly indicated!

Three months after they reached Hamburgh, the innocent, lovely Rose expired a few hours after giving birth to a daughter, whom almost in her last moments she presented, with smiles of anxious pity, to her unfortunate husband, saying, "Be consoled; my child will love you as I do. You are dearer to me now than ever. You have been but too indulgent;—I have lately repented of many trifling offences—forgive them when I am gone." Here exhausted, she paused for a few minutes; then once again addressed him: "Don't weep, Reginald; 'tis fitting I should die; my erring fondness would have injured this dear babe.

—Comfort my poor father!" She feebly pressed his hand, and her dying accents murmured a half audible "Bless you!"

She was lovely in death! The clay-cold hand he with unutterable anguish pressed to his lips, mocked the statuary's art. The ministering angel who received her parting spirit, seemed to have shed celestial light on her countenance, whilst the bloom of earthly beauty yet lingered on her soft cheek and smiling lip. One dark lock lay on her alabaster bosom. Alas! motionless it lay—the warm heart had ceased to beat. Gaze, wretched Reginald, on thy heart's treasure! Soon shall the grave close for ever on all her charms! The despair of his soul, as he looked on her seraphic smile, and vainly watched to see her eye once more open with love's beam, was for a time lost in insensibility. When again, conscious that she was indeed no more, his agonized feelings led his mind to the very verge of frenzy.

In his first distraction, he wrote a letter of penitence and grief to his father-in-

law, deploring his heart-rending loss, but omitting to state precisely, tha this infant had survived her mother ; and from the ambiguous expressions of this incoherent communication, the afflicted parent concluded, that Rose and her child had perished together. Irritated by the misery her loss occasioned him, Mr. O' Sullivan made no reply, sending only a notification by Father Dermoody, that it had been received, with a request that his feelings might not again be wounded by further correspondence with the man, whom he not unjustly accused of having shortened his daughter's days by his unworthy conduct.

Reginald had in this letter humbled himself as much as it was in his nature to do to mortal man ; and indignant at the asperity of such a reply, he made no second attempt to move O'Sullivan to forgiveness. The ill success of this endeavour to soften the heart of the most benevolent of human beings discouraging him from any further efforts, either of atonement or conciliation, he adopted

the resolution of withdrawing himself from the knowledge of all his connections. To his brother, Lord Osselstone, of all mankind he could least brook making any overtures, now that he was "fallen, fallen from his high estate." When he pictured to himself how he had disappointed that brother's exalted hopes and anxious cares, his pride and his better feelings alike prevented his submitting to receive either reproof from the austerity of his virtues, or that compassion from his affection, "which stabs as it forgives."

As a preparatory step to avoiding any future intercouse with his native land, he entreated his friend Mr. Austin to meet him, without delay, at Meurs, on the Belgic frontiers of Westphalia, near which his estates were situated, that by disposing of some of them, he might finally arrange his affairs, and discharge all his English debts. Mr. Austin immediately obeyed the summons, and found Reginald in a state of the utmost wretchedness, occupied with the wildest

schemes for carrying his ideas into execution; proposing, with feverish restlessness, to fly for ever from civilized society, in order to join some tribe of Bedouin Arabs, Mamelucks, Tartars, or North American Indians. The counsels of this wise and judicious friend did much to bring back his erring mind, to submit to the calm dictates of reason. Mr. Austin combated, in turn, all these chimeras; opened his eyes to his duties as a father; and finally finding him unalterable as to his determination of concealment, suggested the most advisable means of carrying it into effect, which were, to avail himself of the facilities circumstances afforded for adopting the name and character of a German subject. From his mother, Reginald had learned to speak the language with the fluency of a native; and his friend now reminded him of a circumstance he had informed him of a week before his fatal elopement from London, which at that time he slighted, namely, that one of his estates, being part of an ancient feudal

tenure, entitled him to the rank of Baron by its own appellation; the adopting which would not only procure him station amongst a people of all others the most tenacious on the subject of birth, but effectually conceal him, as the circumstance was yet unknown to all his English friends.

On hearing this proposition, Reginald with vehement joy, exclaimed, "Thank you, thank you, Austin; I shall know something like peace when my ears are not tortured by the detested name I now bear. Though I am outlawed because Osselstone was not in England to interfere with his powerful interest, though that damned Gazette has declared me for ever incapable of serving in the British armies, though it has stamped my name with indelible disgrace, yet will I cover this new appellation with fame in the field of glory."

Reginald accordingly availed himself of this expedient; and all legal forms prescribed by German jurisprudence being gone through, his daughter at the Cha-

teau of Wildenheim was enrolled on the family records by the name of Adelaide, which was that borne by the last heiress of that house; her mother's finding too sad an echo in her father's bosom, to be heard or pronounced by him without the most afflicting feelings. All his estates, except the Barony of Wildenheim, were sold; and the surplus, which remained after discharging his various debts, was remitted to Vienna, where he repaired with his infant daughter, on parting with Mr. Austin. Here he felt himself completely alone in the world; and his feelings being too agonizing to render a life of inaction supportable, he entered the Austrian armies. His rank, his fortune, and his talents, soon procured him a command, which he filled with honour, and redeemed the promise he had made to cover his new appellation "with fame in the field of glory." Amongst the officers placed under his orders were Maurice O'Sullivan, the uncle of his wife, and Edward Desmond; he took a melancholy pleasure in serving the former

with his purse and his interest, for the sake of his beloved Rose, and the virtues of the latter made Reginald no less zealously his friend; but from both he most carefully concealed his country and his parentage. They fought side by side at the battles of Hohenlinden, Rastadt, and other desperate engagements, that fatally signalized the disastrous campaign, which was concluded by the peace of Luneville. Reginald's remaining estate was unfortunately situated in the territory ceded by that treaty to France, and was by its new masters bestowed on a soldier of fortune. He was by this event reduced from affluence to mediocrity, and broken in fortune, health, and spirits, he proceeded to Vienna to visit his daughter, then in her sixth year. He found her as beautiful as a cherub, and the image of her mother. When she twined her arms round his neck, calling him by the endearing appellations infancy bestows, he felt that the world yet contained a being that would fondly cherish him; and remembered, with

sad delight, what now seemed the prophetic words of his dying Rose, "Be consoled; my child will love you as I do."

CHAPTER XIV.

When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must be heard—say then I taught thee.
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,

DURING the period Reginald had served in the Austrian armies, his mind had undergone a complete revolution. His proud spirit had been subdued by misfortune. In his professional career he had learned to submit to human control. In the field of danger the daring energies of his nature had been fully excited; and, by the frequency of that very excitation, exhausted, whilst the aspect of death, in its various horrors, led him to serious meditation. Often has he passed from the stunning tumult of the field of battle, to the awful stillness of midnight solitude in his own tent; and here he

first acknowledged the justice and mercy of Heaven, whose avenging arm had awakened him from the giddy dream of presumptuous passion, to the dreadful consciousness that he had perverted the best gifts of Providence, intended for the benefit and ornament of society, to be its bane and its disgrace. He had previously thought more of forfeited reputation than of violated virtue; and, though what he might have been rose to his mind in agonizing contrast with what he was, yet he mourned rather for the internal sentiment of degradation than of guilt. But he gradually acquired a more fitting penitence, becoming at last resigned even to the ever present sense of his former misdeeds, and submitting to it as their just punishment; at the same time forming the virtuous resolution of endeavouring to atone, if possible, for the past by the future.

Accusing himself of having deprived his child of her inestimable mother, he felt in justice bound to fulfil towards her more than the common duty of a father,

and therefore resolved to give up the profession of arms for her sake, in order to devote his existence to her welfare. He would often, as he pressed the little smiling Adelaide to his heart, put forth a prayer that the virtues of the daughter might plead at the bar of offended Heaven, in mitigation of the vices of the father; and would soothe his grief with the hope of giving her that virtuous firmness of character, the want of which had rendered all the blessings of his early lot of no avail to himself. Summoning religion and reason to his aid, he wisely executed the task he had laudably undertaken, of forming his daughter to emulate the perfections of her mother; whilst of the errors he instructed her to shun, he was too fatally enlightened by his intercourse with Mrs. Montague, on the causes of whose defects he had made many deep and painful reflections. Convinced by these that imagination, which is naturally too ardent in the generality of women, is cultivated to a fatal excess by the usual mode of educa-

tion, confined, as this almost exclusively is, to the study of music, painting, and poetry; he therefore, after establishing the grand principles of religion and morality in his daughter's mind, directed his attention principally to forming her *judgment*; limiting her fancy to the subordinate office of *attendant* on reason, never suffering it to usurp the place of guide. He had also observed, that vanity is still more dangerous to the female mind than even imagination. But it is only a long and steadily pursued course of exertion that can reduce this passion, so natural to the human heart, to exercise in its native kingdom only its just power. Solicitous that no latent vanity of his own should counteract his endeavours to limit its dangerous empire in his daughter's mind, he was sparing in the use of that powerful stimulant *praise*, which, though a very happy *consequence*, is too often a dangerous motive. As Adelaide had no domestic companion, her vanity was neither excited nor mortified by comparison; and it is one of those enemies to

our peace, that suffer more from neglect than defeat. Nor was the baneful passion of envy introduced to her heart under the specious name of *emulation*, of which all ought to know it is the illegitimate sister, though the friends of emulation do not acknowledge the relationship. Her mind was endowed with knowledge, extensive enough to enable her to estimate justly the insufficiency of all human science, and to show her how far short of the *acmé* of even that imperfect wisdom her own attainments fell. Being taught never to court display, she was thereby exempted from the torments of envious mortification, and early understood she was educated, not to bring forth her acquirements like a holiday suit, in which to shine occasionally, but to keep them in constant every-day use, to promote her own happiness, and the pleasures of those with whom she associated.

Adelaide's docility, rather than her talents, enabled her to be every thing her father desired (for she was not, in truth,

more highly endowed by nature than the generality of well-organized children); and he returned her enthusiastic love and veneration, by an affection little short of idolatry. But a father's too ardent love was beginning to wither in its bloom the plant it had so successfully reared; for Adelaide, when grown up, insensibly acquired an influence dangerous to a young female to possess over the mind of any man, and which is never so unlimited as over that of a father's in the decline of life. The virtues of the parent and child were alike dangerous to the future peace and well-being of the latter. He was too reasonable to subject her to those occasional acts of injustice, or fits of caprice, which every woman in her intercourse with mankind must expect and submit to, as inseparable from her condition. She, from the most laudable motives, was unceasingly occupied in the embellishment of her mind, which, though far preferable to an equally constant attention to externals, will, by a very different route, terminate one part

of their course in the same end—*selfishness*. And as woman owes every thing that is admirable in her nature to a constant sacrifice of self, no acquirements can compensate for the perfection of character she can alone derive from this source. But in truth, the very best education a man alone can bestow on a woman must be defective. He may adorn her with the virtues of his own sex, but he cannot teach her the charities, the decencies, the proprieties of life, which it is the peculiar lot of hers to exercise. A female mind adorned with greater virtues only, without their connecting links, resembles a beautiful country, where the traveller passes from one bright region to another, over deep chasms, where, perhaps, he may fall to inevitable destruction. With all the generous virtues of her heart, with all the high endowments of her mind, Adelaide had yet one more necessary lesson to learn, which was painfully taught her when she lost her father; namely that, however imperative her welfare was to

his happiness, she was of small consequence to the world in general, which would go on nearly as well whether she was living or dead, happy or miserable; and that she must thenceforward derive her felicity rather from her attention to the feelings of others, than from theirs to her own.

Until Adelaide was seventeen, Baron Wildenheim resided principally at Vienna: here associating with the most distinguished characters of the day, to whom his talents and his various knowledge made him an acceptable companion; a select number were admitted to his own house, in order to promote the improvement of his daughter by such intercourse. Profiting by the facility which his German rank afforded for the purpose, he visited, in the short intervals of peace which Gallic ambition permitted, Italy, France, and most of the other Continental states; occasional change of scene being almost as necessary for the amusement of his mind, as advantageous for the improvement of his daughter's. But though for this

latter purpose it was successful beyond his hopes, yet the slow but constant progress of disease was not thus to be warded off; and a residence in a mild and equable climate being pronounced by the physicians of Vienna absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life, about two years before Adelaide's arrival in England they removed to Sicily, where he made choice of Catania for his residence.

Here for the first time in her life Adelaide enjoyed the pleasures and advantages of female society. The Catanese are amongst the most elegant women in Europe; and the attractive graces of their manners appearing to her with all the force of novelty, she quickly and involuntarily made them her own. Her youthful beauty—her artless elegance, and her cultivation of mind, caused her to be admired to an excess, which gave her father as much pain as pleasure, as he trembled lest it should call forth that vanity and inordinate desire of pleasing, which he had so earnestly laboured to

repress, too well aware of its having been the cause of Mrs. Montague's destruction.

"*La bella Adelina*" was the object, to which the young Catanian nobility paid the most flattering attention, the most exaggerated compliments. Luckily for her she felt so little awe of her father, that she told him without reserve all the feelings this new scene excited in her mind. And he, appealing to her good sense, pointed out to her notice the hyperbole of the praises she received, thus rendering them in a short time more tiresome than agreeable. The Baron had early suffered his daughter to know she was handsome. She had hitherto been as much accustomed and as indifferent to the beauty of the robe in which her soul was enveloped, as she was to the habitual elegance of her every-day apparel.

He now went still further; and as piety was the main spring of all her thoughts and feelings, he taught her to be religiously thankful for a gift, which pre-

disposed her fellow creatures in her favour; representing also that it ought to make her still more desirous to retain an approbation thus gratuitously bestowed. By this means her very beauty made her humble; as, in her estimate of her own character, she always attributed the praises she received but to a premature and therefore exaggerated opinion of her merit, which she consequently endeavoured to make in intrinsic worth equal to its received value.

About this period in the formation of Adelaide's character, Frederick Elton arrived at Catania. Though he was perhaps the most ardent of her admirers, his peculiar ideas regarding women in general led him rather to call forth the powers of her mind by rational conversation, than to weaken it by flattery. He was luckily not able, like his Sicilian rivals, to write sonnets, or make improviso stanzas by the hour "to her eyebrow;" and therefore had the less inducement to emulate the laudable endeavours of his competitors, to make her frivolous

and silly solely to display their own abilities.

Oh! that her guardian angel would sometimes whisper in exulting beauty's ear, that man is often only enraptured with his own genius, when he seems most to adulate her charms!

Baron Wildenheim directed all his penetration to the investigation of Frederick's character; and, fearing to trust entirely to his own observation on a point of so much importance, resumed his correspondence with Mr. Austin, from whom he received the most satisfactory confirmation of the honourable opinion his judgment had previously led him to form of the lover, on whom his daughter had unconsciously bestowed her affections. He therefore resolved, that whenever Mr. Elton should demand her hand, he would restore her to all her rights, by accomplishing her introduction to her mother's family and his own. His satisfaction at the prospect of securing Adelaide's happiness, by uniting her to a man worthy of his highest approbation,

reconciled him to the idea of losing the only solace of that life, which he felt would not be much longer a burthen to him. Not less generous was his daughter—and from the moment she was aware of Frederick's love, she determined to discourage it, for the reasons he related to Sedley. The Baron's indignation at Frederick's abrupt departure was as great, as the satisfaction his love for Adelaide had afforded him. She endeavoured to preserve her usual cheerfulness; but his penetration soon discovered she had feelings, that were not communicated to him. One day, on perceiving her ill suppressed agitation, as the subject of conversation glanced on Elton, he muttered, "Villain! rascal! how he has abused my confidence!" Adelaide, hurt at this undeserved censure, entered warmly into his defence, and her father soon extorted from her, that she had refused his offers, though she still concealed, or thought she concealed, her motives and her regrets. "Adelina!" exclaimed he, with unusual asperity, "is this the reward of an exist-

ence devoted to your welfare? I could not have believed that you would have set at naught my authority; nay worse, have *deceived* me." When she however threw herself into his arms, imploring his forgiveness, all the tenderness of his feelings returned with redoubled force; and penetrating her motives, he pressed her fondly to his heart, making a silent vow that his "too generous child should not sacrifice her happiness to his." The name of Elton was never again articulated by either; but the rapid progress of Baron Wildenheim's complaint warned him he must quickly put his design in execution, or that his lovely daughter would shortly be left in a foreign country, without relation or protector; Sicily being perhaps of all others the most dreadful to leave her in thus situated, from the depravity of its inhabitants, and its corrupt, ill administered government.

When he informed Adelaide of his intention of taking her to England, her joy was extravagant; but on perceiving the mournful expression of her father's coun-

tenance, she ceased to display her pleasure, and affectionately embracing him, said, "You know, my beloved father, you are all the world to me; my greatest delight in the prospect of going to England is, that I shall there see you in your native country, with your own friends: I can never be happier than I have been with you; but I often mourn, that all my exertions are insufficient to make you so." "Adelina, I charge you, be silent on that subject," replied the afflicted parent; and, overcome by the torturing reflections she had unconsciously conjured up, retired to compose his mind in solitude.

A few days after this conversation they proceeded to Paris. From whence Baron Wildenheim wrote an earnest request to Mr. Austin and Maurice O'Sullivan to meet him at Dover, for which place he immediately set out when their answers reached him; and there without delay delivered to the former a will, appointing him trustee to all that remained of the wreck of his fortune, for the benefit of

Adelaide, with the exception of a small annuity reserved for his own life, but nominating Maurice O'Sullivan her guardian. The unhappy father then went through the distressing task of disclosing to his former friend and fellow soldier the principal events, which had marked his life previous to the commencement of their acquaintance, beseeching him to relate them hereafter to Adelaide as delicately as possible, and also to introduce her to her grandfather and Lord Osselstone. Both these injunctions Maurice willingly promised to fulfil, happy to have any means of serving a man to whom he owed many obligations. The Baron had never told his daughter the history of his early years: he could not in her childhood, and when she was capable of accurately distinguishing right from wrong, he feared it might irreparably injure her character, to have her respect diminished for the person engaged in forming it. Perhaps his reluctance to be his own accuser to his child was not the least powerful motive

for silence on this subject: he could not bear to think she should ever in his presence be obliged to appeal to her affection, to silence the censures her judgment must pass on his conduct—such voluntary self-abasement, in a mind of this high tone, was indeed almost more than human nature is equal to. He therefore had contented himself with informing Adelaide, that some disagreeable circumstances had made him prefer residing in the country in which his estates were situated, to that of which he was a native. He would sometimes converse with her of Lord Osselstone, whom he early taught her to love and revere; but never made the most distant allusion to her mother's name or connexions, partly because the subject was too afflicting to himself, partly because he could not in that case account for his having concealed his relationship from the uncle of Rose, with whom he had been so many years associated, and with whom he had subsequently maintained a constant correspondence, having resolved to resign his

daughter, in the first instance, to the protection of Maurice, whenever the effects of unextinguishable grief should indicate the probable termination of his own life.

When Mr. Austin met the Baron at Dover, he entreated him to leave England as speedily as possible, lest the friends of Montague, who resided in the neighbourhood of that town, should, by some fortuitous occurrence, make out his identity; a circumstance by no means improbable, as his person must be recognised should he meet the brother of his unfortunate antagonist, who not unfrequently visited the very hotel they inhabited, and which they could not quit without exciting observations that might prove dangerous in their consequences. Though Wildenheim cared not for life on his own account, and would willingly have resigned it to satisfy the laws of his country; yet he trembled in every nerve for his daughter's peace, should he fall a sacrifice to their justice; and therefore fixed the third day after their landing to bid her an eternal adieu!

Though he had sufficient strength of mind to resolve on tearing himself from his child, yet he felt totally unequal to the trial of witnessing her affliction on first hearing the dreadful intelligence. Mr. Austin therefore undertook the task; and on the morning preceding the day appointed, informed Adelaide of the indispensable necessity of their separation, and of the arrangement made with Maurice O'Sullivan, to introduce her to Lord Osselstone, presenting her with a packet of letters her father had written for her benefit, which she was to make use of when she came of age, in case any unforeseen occurrence should prevent her appointed guardian fulfilling his promise; adding, that should her relations refuse to receive her, he was in possession of the necessary testimonials of her birth. Of all these particulars the afflicted girl at the moment only understood she was to be deprived of her father! The thinking faculty within her was almost suspended by the agony of this idea. She offered no remonstrance to Mr.

Austin; and making a sign of acquiescence, instantly sought her father, to try those powers of persuasion which never yet had failed in procuring from him every wish of her heart: but on seeing the despair of his countenance, she was wholly overcome; the hope, which had supported, now forsook her, and she sunk senseless in his arms.

When she revived, she implored his pity in the most moving terms; asked how she had merited this dreadful separation; and finding him, though deeply affected, inexorable in his determination, at last departed from her usual docility, saying, "Of what would promote your happiness, my dearest father, there can be no doubt; I am the best judge of my own and *will* not leave you: to lose you in the course of nature would be sufficiently dreadful; but this living death is tenfold more horrible: oh! *can* you desert your child, who lives but in you, whose only joy is in your approving smiles?"

Her miserable auditor now did violence to his feelings, by assuming, for the first time in his life, all the sternness of parental command. Adelaide convulsively sobbed on his shoulder. "Pardon me, pardon me; I submit, though my heart will break: that angry look would kill me to think of; smile on me, my father." "Smile! oh, my God! I shall never smile again;" exclaimed the wretched parent: then fondly caressing her, said, "My child, have mercy on your unfortunate father; my own feelings are those of desperation; spare me the sight of yours. By your present affliction I secure your future happiness; but mine—Adelina, I entreat—in a few hours we part: do not speak of what is yet to come." He was obeyed; and that day passed in the sullen calm which precedes expected misery.

Adelaide retired at a late hour to her own apartment, but not to bed; for she had perceived with terror how alarm-

ingly ill her father looked; and fearing the return of a spasmodic complaint he was subject to, sat up, to be able to apply the necessary remedies at a moment's warning.

He in the mean time prepared to set out immediately on his voyage, wishing to spare her a parting he felt his own fortitude unequal to. Her room was inside his, and supposing her to be at rest, he entered it to take a last look of his lovely child!

She was sitting half asleep, overcome by drowsiness and anxiety — the light flashed across her eyes—she started up in wild affright, and forcibly impressed by the feelings of her agitating dreams, clasped him in her arms, saying, "We will never, never part, whilst life remains." His fortitude utterly forsook him; and with a deep groan he sank in the arms of his child, * * * *
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His countenance in death was impressed with the happy consciousness, that

his last look on earth had been blessed with her image; and with the pious hope, that sincere and protracted penitence had made his peace with Heaven.

CHAPTER XV.

In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

MOORE.

OH! how did Adelaide now wish she could obtain that separation she had so lately thought worse than death itself! No tear escaped her bewildered eye; no complaint issued from her lacerated bosom; mute and motionless she sat, unconscious of all that passed around, musing on the fearful, fathomless void within! Her constitution could not long support this existence of silent horror; and a violent fever, which for several days endangered her life, and reduced her to a state of extreme weakness, saved her mind from destruction. When she recovered, her grief, though deep, was placid, and her mild dejection won her

the love and pity of all whose hearts were not harder than adamant. As soon as she was able to bear the journey, her guardian brought her to Webberly House, and, during the short time he survived her father, endeavoured to soothe her sorrow by the most affectionate kindness. His delay in executing the promise he had given, of presenting her to Mr. O'Sullivan and Lord Osselstone, arose not from any intention of ultimately defrauding her of her rights, but from an anticipation of the mortifications his doing so would probably occasion him to experience in his domestic circle. He knew the respect with which he was treated by the Webberlys was principally owing to the idea that he or his daughter would one day possess a valuable estate; and though in his own person he could, from the manly firmness of his manners, command a sufficient degree of consideration for the common purposes of every day intercourse; yet he was well aware, that when he was not present, his little por-

tionless Caroline would be treated by his wife's children with the utmost contumely; and he was moreover weak enough to dread the first explosion of Mrs. O' Sullivan's violent temper, when her hopes of increased wealth should be disappointed by the establishment of Adelaide's claims. He therefore, from day to day, shunned the expected storm. At night he would sink to sleep, in the firm determination of informing his wife on the morrow of Adelaide's relationship, as a preliminary to his writing to her grandfather on the subject; but when the morrow came, he either thought Mrs. O'Sullivan in such good humour, it was a pity to spoil the short-lived pleasure arising from it, or else that she was so much the reverse, it was impolitic to choose that very time to irritate her further. On other mornings, when convinced she had attained that happy medium most favourable to his important communication, business or company interfered; and in the evening he had too frequent recourse to intoxication, to drown the

pains of recollection. Thus, in impotent resolve and fruitless repentance, passed the few months he survived after Adelaide was committed to his care. On his death, Mr. Austin would have done what this spirit of procrastination had prevented; had he not found, on examining the papers put into his hands by Adelaide's father, that, though there was enough to convince willing relatives of their truth, yet the evidence they contained fell far short of legal testimony. Every necessary formality to prove her parentage had been neglected at Hamburgh—a circumstance easily accounted for, by the distraction of her father's mind on leaving that place; and the name of Wildenheim, which she had received at Meurs, made it still more difficult to prove her identity as the child of Rose; for which purpose Mr. Austin then entered into a correspondence with various people resident in different parts of the Continent. From the apparent frigidity of Lord Osselstone's character, he had no hopes of his interesting himself

for his orphan niece; whilst from her mother's family he expected open opposition. He therefore enjoined Adelaide to remain unknown to her relations, till the period prescribed by her father for her acting for herself, in case her guardian should fail to fulfil his promise, by which time, if ever, he hoped to obtain every necessary proof in support of her claims; and lest any youthful imprudence should betray her into a premature disclosure, he carefully concealed from her her relationship to the O'Sullivans, though with her affinity to Lord Osselstone he knew she was already acquainted.

The time appointed for terminating Miss Wildenheim's suspense at length arrived, and found her under the roof of her only remaining parent, though as yet totally unconscious of their relationship. On the eve of the day on which her minority expired, she retired to her own apartment in Mr. O'Sullivan's house, sorrowfully reflecting, that in two more she should part most probably for ever from this interesting old man. But this

feeling was soon lost in the joy with which she remembered, that on the morrow she should make the first step to claim the love and protection of her uncle, and the rest of her paternal relatives. She fondly anticipated the praises which would delight her ear, as due to her beloved father's virtues and talents; and with heartfelt pleasure recollected, that Augustus Mordaunt was almost her brother. But the happiness of these thoughts was damped by the idea, that he and Lord Osselstone were then abroad; and she reflected with sorrow, that were it not for Mr. and Mrs. Temple, she should, on her return to England, be as desolate as ever. "But God," thought she, "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and her heart dilated with gratitude to earth and Heaven, on the remembrance of what she humbly felt to be unmerited friendship. Her first feelings led her to open the portfolio, which contained the packet of letters Mr. Austin had charged her not to unseal till this period; but at the sight of her

father's writing, the agony of the moment in which she had received it, with all the dreadful scenes which immediately followed, rose to her mind in all their first horror; and, completely overcome, she felt the dreadful consciousness, that none now existing on earth could fill that vacuum, which the loss of this beloved father would ever leave in her heart. The vision of happiness, which a few moments before had appeared so vivid, now seemed to have been but a vain illusion, that had mocked her with a dream of bliss. At that instant earth had no consolation to offer for her sorrows; but she turned to Heaven and found it there.

When she rose from her supplications, she hastily returned the packet to her portfolio. "I will not trust myself with it again," thought she; "I have here no friend to soothe, to *control* my mind.—In a few days I shall be with Mrs. Temple."

There are minds, which are capable of an intensity of regret, that others can scarcely conceive. Long after it has

lost the more tumultuous character of grief, it lies deep in the recesses of the heart. The cares, the pleasures of the world, may for a time conceal it, even from self-consciousness; but there it ever endures. The vigour of a strong mind may reduce it to temporary inertness, but it will at times break every bond, and vindicate its empire. Like the Genius of the eastern tale, who, though for ages confined in the casket by the seal of Solomon, rose when the signet of wisdom was broken, in the same awful might he had possessed, before reduced to submission by its coercive power.

Whilst in one room at Ballinamoyle a daughter mourned her father, in another a son defied his mother. Mr. Webberly was at that moment informing Mrs. O' Sullivan, he would, on the morrow, make his long-meditated proposal to Miss Wildenheim: he had fulfilled his promise of waiting till she was of age; and said, that if she was so unreasonable as to require still further delay, he could no longer comply, as the dif-

ference of a day might deprive him of Adelaide for ever. The Desmonds were to take their farewell on Caroline's birth-day; Miss Wildenheim would commence her journey to England on the following morning; and it was not at all likely Colonel Desmond would suffer her to depart, without making those offers some people thought would be accepted. This very idea made Mrs. O'Sullivan more eager in her entreaties, more authoritative in her commands to her son, to defer his intentions till their arrival at Webberly House. The conference ended in passion on both sides, he exclaiming, "By Gad, mother, you are never to be satisfied;—be damned if I stand shilly shally any longer!" "Then, Jack, you shan't have my blessing for an *opthalmia;* and you know that's better worth than the priest's, as the song says."

CHAPTER XVI.

And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear—
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek;
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

THAT day which had nineteen times been passed at Ballinamoyle in solemn sadness, as the anniversary of the death of its lovely heiress, arrived once again—and was again marked by those outward signs of woe, which gratified the feelings of a disconsolate father, as a tribute of respect to the memory of her, who still in the freshest youth lived in his heart.

No stranger on that day approached the desolate mansion, to partake of its hospitality, or receive its charity. The

domestics, habited in deep mourning, flitted about the halls and passages in total silence; every countenance was impressed by a dejection, that affected the most thoughtless with unusual seriousness—even Mrs. O'Sullivan's servants spoke in a whisper.

When the visitors assembled in the breakfast-room, neither their host nor the priest appeared; and Theresa informed her guests, that the former always passed this day in solitude. The same depression which pervaded the rest of the house, seemed to exert its saturnine influence in this apartment also. Mrs. O'Sullivan and her son were both too much irritated, and each too completely engrossed in forming plans to circumvent the intentions of the other, to offer a single word of conversation. Adelaide and Miss Fitzcarril were occupied by a train of distressing reflections, little aware, that they were caused in the mind of each by the same event. The Miss Webberlys only interrupted the general silence, by occasionally indulging in that pettish

crossness, which the sight of unparticipated sorrow always produces in weak and selfish minds, whilst their fretful words and looks terrified the timid little Caroline.

In the mean time Mr. O'Sullivan, after assisting in that service, by which the Catholick Church permits the living relative, with fond anxiety, to extend its cares beyond the grave, retired with the reverend priest to his own apartment.

"Oh, my friend," said the afflicted parent, "you received my child into the bosom of our holy church ; you heard her first innocent confession, you sanctified her fatal marriage vows ; and how soon after did you offer up the prayers of my broken heart for the repose of her departed soul !"

"She was almost as much the child of my affections as of yours," replied the priest, greatly moved : "and how graciously did Heaven reward my endeavours to form her mind to the practice of every virtue ! Never did a purer spirit inhabit a human form ! Let us rejoice

in this," continued he, his countenance beaming with the cheering hopes of devotion; "we have both hitherto offended by a grief that 'would not be comforted.' Shall we, standing on the brink of the grave, still presume to murmur? Let me exhort you to break through the accustomed indulgence of unavailing sorrow, that would vainly strive against the will of Heaven: you have always shunned consolation, seek it humbly and sincerely, and it will be sent from above!"

The old man sighed deeply, and made that devotional sign which marks the pious Catholic. His eyes were cast upwards, and his lips moved as if in prayer. Whilst the creature addressed his Creator, the holy minister of religion paused in reverential silence; but when the spontaneous supplication had ceased, he again addressed his friend. "I would fain impose a trial on you—a bitter one I confess; but could you accomplish it, you would hereafter feel as becomes a mortal sufferer. The solitude, the lugu-

brious forms of this day, nourish the grief it behoves you to struggle against. The presence of strangers is a fortunate circumstance, and will afford you an assistance your own domestic circle is incapable of. Return to society; receive your guests as if this were to-morrow, and to-morrow will rise with a feeling of satisfaction, to which you have long been a stranger."

Though O'Sullivan afterwards pondered on these words till he almost believed them to have been an inspiration from Heaven, he at the moment vehemently asserted the impossibility of his making such an exertion. A considerable time elapsed, before the remonstrances of Father Dermoody could overcome his reluctance to wrestle with "this cherished woe, this loved despair;" but at last the advice of the friend, the admonitions of the pastor, prevailed; and Mr. O'Sullivan, accompanied by his reverend guide, appeared amongst his visitors, who were still assembled in the breakfast-room. On entering, he bowed profoundly

to all, then seated himself in silence, with a mournful sternness that repelled every body from addressing him, farther than to manifest that respect, which was always involuntarily testified towards him. Miss Fitzcarril could scarcely have been more surprised, had she seen the apparition of Rose herself, than she was by the sight of her father on this morning; lifting up her hands and eyes, she whispered her astonishment to Father Dermoody, who requested her to abstain from exhibiting any further token of it. Some of the party continued their occupations, some their idleness, but no one spoke; and all, from time to time, anxiously looked towards the windows, to judge from the increasing gloom of the sky, how near the tempest it foreboded approached.

The aspect of nature was at that moment as dreary as O'Sullivan's heart. That stillness, which sometimes precedes the coming storm, reigned unbroken. Clouds of portentous blackness were slowly congregating, to dart the forked

lightning; but not a leaf moved, not a bird flitted in the motionless air; and as the dark veil hung over the lake, its dormant waters gave but the idea of fearful profundity. The silence of night is awful, yet the soul confesses it the repose of nature; but when this dread torpor appals the joyous day, every animate and inanimate object seems fearfully resigned to await her dissolution. While the ear paused in expectation of the hollow thunder, and the eye half closed as it anticipated the vivid flash, a wild cry arose—"Good God! what's that?" was the general exclamation. It was the wail, with which the children of this mountain region deplored their dead. No softening gale lent it beauty; the winds that were wont to sport with the accents of human woe, wafting them to the mountain's rugged brow, or saddening the smiling valley at its foot, now slumbered in the slowly rolling clouds. Horrible and harsh the lamenting voice of hundreds smote the ear. Once it was reverberated from rocks as lifeless as the

being it bemoaned, whilst the mourners and their sad burden were hidden from the view.

O'Sullivan started, and his eyes rested on the figure of Adelaide. As she had compassionately viewed his sorrowful countenance, memory had too faithfully depicted to her mind the anguish, which had always marked this eventful day to her father. The sudden doleful lamentation had completely overcome her spirits, and with her hands clasped in agony, torrents of tears were streaming down her cheeks, whilst, as the chilled blood recoiled to her heart, her dark hair threw a melancholy shade on her palid face. The impulse of humanity overcame the silence of sorrow; O'Sullivan instantly seized her hand, and as her eyes mournfully met his, exclaimed, "Desmond has told me all; you grieve for your father, I for my child. A desolate old man like me has little comfort to offer. But for her sake, whose living image you are, in my heart's core could I hide you from all trouble." Adelaide,

leaning her head on his shoulder, sobbed aloud.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, inflamed by anger at her son, and by jealousy of the tenderness expressed in her brother-in-law's countenance for the lovely mourner, whose confiding attitudes seemed to repose her affliction on his solacing compassion, now whispered to Amelia, "This is *too* bad; that artful baggage has got him under her thumb too;—mayhap he may devize his fortin to *her* instead of Caroline, after all—I'll tell him what she is." So saying, passion accelerating her utterance and crimsoning her face, she addressed Mr. O'Sullivan with, "Sir, sir, that Miss that's putting a sham upon you is a wagabond; and if she doesn't look to her ways, I'll have her sent home by the alien act, as Meely bids me. She tells up about English relations; but in two years she's lived with me, she wouldn't never tell me who they were: she's an imposter, and vill make a cat's paw of you, as she did of your brother, and———" "Gad zooks,

mother" interrupted Webberly, "what odds is it who's her relations; when she marries, her husband's family is all she has to look to." "Jacky! Jacky! you'll never come to no good—you're an undutiful son! I'll get her packed off to Germany as sure as———" "What's all this, madam?" said Mr. O'Sullivan, with a look of contemptuous displeasure, that produced instant silence: "I will stand in the place of my brother to this young lady, if she will honour me by committing herself to my protection. Your threats against the unoffending ward of your husband are shameful." "Sir," said Adelaide, commanding herself to composure, "the gratitude I feel is inexpressible! But on this day there is no impediment, to prevent my satisfying Mrs. O'Sullivan's desire to know my parentage; of this she is well aware. My father, madam," continued she, with grave steadiness, "Reginald Baron Wildenheim, was the youngest brother of the present Earl of Osselstone. Soon after my birth, he renounced his family

name of Mordaunt, and adopted his German title." O'Sullivan essayed to speak in vain; his lip quivered, but no sound met the ear of man; and his half palsied hand trembled as it passed a sign of deepest import to the priest, who darting forward, exclaimed, "Your mother's name, young lady—speak, did she die at Hamburgh?" "Alas! yes, on the day I was born; her name was one which, honoured and lamented here, I trembled to pronounce—it was Rose!" The old man uttered an hysterical laugh, and clasping her in his arms, faltered out, "Her child then was saved!" "Produce your proofs!" exclaimed the priest; "by every sacred name I conjure you, produce your proofs!" Mrs. O'Sullivan, raging with passion, vociferated, "She is an impostor; an artful minx, come to cheat Caroline." The Miss Webberlys screamed in Adelaide's ear, "Produce your proofs if you dare!" Their brother, with equal fury, interfered on her behalf. Little Caroline clung crying to her knees, "They shan't hurt you, dear

Adele, they shan't hurt you!" Whilst Theresa, with terror in her looks, went from one to the other, saying, "For God's sake have done; leave the room if you can't be quiet; Mr. O'Sullivan will never get over such a piece of work on this day, of all days in the year!" But Adelaide was unconscious of all; she had taken her grandfather's agitated laugh, his unintelligible words, for a wandering of reason, on hearing a name resembling his daughter's unexpectedly mentioned; and, horror-struck, had sunk lifeless in his arms. When he saw the paleness of death in her cold cheek and blanched lip, stamping on the floor, he exclaimed, "You have killed her! Unfeeling wretches, you have killed her!" Father Dermoody and Theresa hastily stepped forward to offer that assistance he was incapable of bestowing, and immediately removed her to a neighbouring apartment, excluding every body else.

It was long ere Adelaide revived. When consciousness returned, she found herself in a strange apartment. The

gloom almost of midnight was around; the storm had burst, and was raging with awful fury; the thunder rolled tremendously above her head, and a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the countenance of one kneeling at her side, on which she saw despair—the despair of venerable age, depicted. With an involuntary shudder she averted her head, and raised both her hands, as if to save her from the terrific vision. "Father of mercy!" exclaimed O'Sullivan, "I lost my child, and lived—lived but to see hers shun me." "Oh, my God!" ejaculated the agonized girl, "have mercy on him!—poor old man! poor old man!" and she burst into a paroxysm of tears. When she recovered a little from the racking emotions which tortured her, she mournfully took his hand, and said, "I do not shun you; God knows to console yours would be a delightful solace to my own afflictions. But I implore you to pause before you cherish these delusive ideas; a few minutes will suffice to convince you of the fatal error you have fallen

into." She then, in a whisper, entreated Miss Fitzcarril to procure her portfolio, as she feared to irritate Mr. O'Sullivan's mind, by leaving him herself. Theresa fulfilled her request, and then with true delicacy retired.

Adelaide eagerly tore open the important packet, and the first paper that presented itself was one directed to Mr. O'Sullivan, which, with inconceivable trepidation, she presented to him; but at the sight of the writing he dashed it from him with looks of fury—"Never will I read another from that detested hand, that last blasted my every hope of earthly happiness!" The priest seizing the letter, hurried him out of the room. "Unfortunate man!" exclaimed Adelaide; "Oh, why did I mention his daughter's name, after the warning I received from Colonel Desmond?" In an agony of mind not to be described, she attempted to read a letter addressed by her father to herself; but when it informed her of such of the particulars of his life as were necessary to explain her

relationship to her present venerable protector, she was so bewildered, that she half despairingly pressed the letter to her heart, and silently implored a supporting power from above. When she had again composed her mind sufficiently to comprehend its contents, she was so stunned with surprise, that she had scarcely power to feel how happy she ought to be, as she repeated, "My grandfather! can it indeed be possible?" But she was roused to a painful sense of anxiety and acute perception of sorrow, when she came to the following paragraph, "Let it be your consolation, my beloved child, that all the happiness I have known since your angelic mother's death, has been your boon. Heaven permitted her to leave you to me, as a gift of love, as a pledge of its mercy. I bequeath that filial piety, which has been the solace of my existence, to her father, as a reparation for the loss of his daughter. For my sake he may be harsh to you, perhaps refuse to receive you; but pardon him, and, if he will permit

you, soothe the sorrows of his old age; he has much to forgive your erring father." With indignation she now recollected how his letter had been received, and every softer feeling, every selfish consideration, was swallowed up in offended filial affection, as she thought, "Never will I accept of kindness from one, who could spurn me from resentment to my adored father!"

At that moment she heard O'Sullivan's step. Oh, who shall tell the tide of tumultuous thoughts that overwhelmed her soul, as his hand tremulously turned the lock of the door? 'twas but an instant—but how much of misery cannot the human heart suffer in this short earthly denomination of time!

He entered; and, as he approached, her heart seemed to die within her. At first she could not move, but gazed almost unconsciously on his face, and seeing there the mildness of grief, the benevolence of pity, the warmth of paternal love, she knelt at his feet in speechless emotion, whilst her looks, her atti-

tude, implored his benediction. "Oh, may the God of mercy bestow those blessings on you, that were denied your mother!" He pressed her in his arms, and wept as he said, "My child, my beloved child, I have not lived these years of misery in vain! Bless you, bless you!" And now "joy and sorrow strove which should paint her goodliest. You have seen sunshine and rain at once—her smiles and tears were like a better May — those happy smiles, which played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know what guests were in her eyes, which parted thence as pearls from diamonds dropp'd."

When the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, the anxious parent looked at his loved treasure, first fearfully, and then a happy smile seemed to say, "Thank God, here at least she is safe from every storm!" with that a closer embrace pressed her to his heart. "My father!" were the first words she attempted to articulate. "Adelaide,"

interrupted the old man, "whatever may have been his errors, you will, on reading that letter, easily believe I no longer resent them. I erred deeply, sinfully, in not receiving the prodigal son when he first implored my forgiveness; but passion blinded me, and I have been severely punished. I knew him not then! Oh! did he live now, my heart would warmly open to him." Adelaide was nearly suffocated with her sobs. O'Sullivan supported her to the window for air: for the elemental strife was now over, and the rushing torrents had ceased to fall. The rippling waters of the lake laughed in the beams of the sun, and softly rolled on their verdant banks. Every bough waved in the wanton air, and from bush and brake innumerable birds poured forth joyful melody. The cottage cur once more barked at the stranger, and the peaceful herds again grazed the green islets. Adelaide felt the composing power of the scene, and, drying her tears, read the letter she had received.

To Cornelius O'Sullivan, Esquire.

The misery I feel at this moment is not less, than that which rent my heart when last I addressed you. Time has but made the remembrance of my beloved Rose dearer, more afflicting to my soul; and her child, who for nineteen years has been my only earthly happiness, I now resign, as the sole reparation I can make, to Heaven and to you, for the errors of that guilty course, which have not been expiated by years of misery and penitence. I once again implore your forgiveness for all the sufferings I have occasioned you. Oh, my God! what a wreck of happiness I have made for myself and others! I have been a misfortune to all connected with me. What a stab must I not give to my daughter's heart, when I tell her we part *to meet no more!* What tears of bitter anguish will she not shed, when she hears the recital of those misdeeds, so degrading to the memory of the father, whom she fondly thinks the first of human beings!

Yet the misery of her mind on hearing my errors would be felicity compared to the anguish mine has endured, when, for her sake, I have undergone the martyrdom of her praises. My lovely child!—Had you seen the happy smiles, the endearing caresses, with which she bid me good night, but a few minutes ago, and known the *despair* of my soul, as I thought, never shall I behold that unclouded smile again; but once more hear those words, you would say, the forfeit of his guilt is paid; and lament for the unfortunate being you have hitherto cursed. By every sacred name, by the memory of her sainted mother, by the agonies of a wretched father, I conjure you, protect, cherish, and console my child. All that a parent's heart could wish, all that the daughter of Rose should be, she is—and we part for ever. I shall not survive to have my miserable days cheered by the affection, with which I know you will treat the inheritor of the virtues of your beloved Rose, but my last moments will be brightened by the joyous hope——

"Enclosed you will find papers written at a calmer moment, for the benefit of Adelaide—pardon him you once called son. As you value your eternal hopes, I charge you to be kind to my child. She has never offended you; her mother's form is renewed in hers; her mother's virtues perpetuated in her mind. Say not that Rose exists no more—in Adelaide she is again restored to your arms."

Adelaide had wept, when there was something of consolation, of tenderness, in her emotions. But now her anguish admitted not of tears; the universe presented but one idea to her mind—the agony of her father's soul when his hand traced the words her eyes rested on. O'Sullivan addressed her in accents of the tenderest affection; she answered him but by that bitter smile, with which misery sometimes loves to make her devoted victims confess her empire. He was alarmed by her fixed looks, and said, "Rouse yourself, Adelaide; I will leave

you to compose your agitated feelings, but not in solitude: come with me to the companion of many a sad moment." He opened an inner door, and grasping her hand with convulsive earnestness, said, "There is your mother's portrait; and at the foot of that altar she daily poured forth her grateful thanksgivings. There the supplications of her father daily ascend to the throne of grace." He hurried away, and Adelaide long and fervently prayed in a spot so hallowed. Her tears again flowed, as she turned to gaze on the resemblance of that form, which had never blessed her conscious sight, and mournfully exclaimed, "Both, both lost to me!"

Rose had been drawn as Astarte inscribing her lover's name on the sand. The dejected expression of her heavenly countenance sadly contrasted the brilliant beauty of her youthful charms. Was it the melancholy of *Astarte* the painter's art depicted? or had the fair being, whose form he traced, been already struck by the hand of sorrow? O'Sullivan's grief

was daily renewed as his heart whispered, "Not thus my child looked under this roof.—So soon was all her innocent gaiety gone?"

Adelaide was so absorbed by the ideas which rose in her mind, that she did not perceive the entrance of nurse, who came to perform her diurnal task of dressing the altar, and who standing behind her, now said, "That's the picture, dear, that Mr. Mordaunt sent his honour from London, six months after Miss Rose married him —an unlucky day that same! And a black-hearted false man he was, to leave my sweet angel, and run away wid another woman." Fire flashed from Adelaide's eye; the indignation which deprived her of utterance was expressed in her whole figure. Nurse awed, and as it were fascinated, by a look from which she could not withdraw her gaze, stared at her for a second or two, and then evidently terrified, exclaimed, "The blessed powers presarve me!—Who are you?—

What are you? You're the very moral of Miss Rose! What brings you in her room this day of the year? No mortal has ever darkened the door since she died but myself and his honour. You're like enough to be her fetch, come in the storm to take him away from us. I pray God I may die first," continued she, weeping bitterly: "my heart was broke when I lost my sweet child. I trust in his mercy I haven't lived on these weary years, to drag my ould bones to his grave!"

"Dear, dear nurse," said Adelaide, kissing her affectionately, smiles and tears struggling for mastery in her eyes, "I'm not come to take him away from you, but to make you both happy—I'm your own Rose's daughter." The old woman set up a shout of joy, and kissed her, and hugged her, and drew back to a little distance, resting her hands on Adelaide's shoulders to look at her from time to time, saying, "The very mo-

ral of her! the very moral of her! Her daughter! You wouldn't be so mischievous as to make an ould body crazy? It's not joking you are, jewel?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Half a loaf is better than no bread.

OLD PARR.

"So Caroline may do with the twenty thousand?"—— This was Mrs. O'Sullivan's reflection as her carriage, for the last time, drove out of the demesne of Ballinamoyle. How she came to this conclusion, the reader must now be informed. Neither Miss Wildenheim nor her grandfather was visible for the remainder of the day, on which the trying scenes, that have just been related, occurred. But immediate steps were taken to prevent the celebration of Caroline's birth-day, as had been intended, on the following morning; and Mr. Dermoody waited on her mother, to explain the reasons for this disappointment. He ac-

complished this task with much difficulty, as she interrupted him every three minutes with, "I can't understand nothing about it, Sir. She's an odorous imposter—I tell you, Sir, she's an abominable imposter." And she, in fine, threatened to take the law of Mr. O' Sullivan:—she'd see her child righted, cost what it would, and bring that artful baggage to shame. Mr. Dermoody then reminded her, that Caroline had no *right* to her uncle's estate, who had given her father a large sum to cut off the entail; so that if Miss Wildenheim's claims were absolutely nugatory, it was entirely in his own disposal; but that as this transaction had taken place since her birth, it was invalid, as Adelaide was the heir at law in preference to Caroline's father; but that, to put the matter beyond doubt, the present proprietor intended to bequeath his estate immediately to his granddaughter, who would thus inherit it by a double tenure. He was too much incensed at that moment to tell her his belief, that Mr. O'Sullivan would also

provide for his favourite little Caroline. "Wery vell, Sir, wery vell, I see how it is; she has set you up to cheat me. All these outgoings for nothing! I'd have seen your shabby old place at the dickens before I'd have come so far, if I'd guessed how it would have turned out. Me and mine will be off to-morrow, Sir;" so saying, she flounced out of the room.

Father Dermoody had scarcely finished this discussion with one unreasonable woman, when he had to encounter a second with another. Miss Fitzcarril way-laid him in the passage from Mrs. O'Sullivan's apartment, to remonstrate on the folly of suffering all the expense and trouble, which had been incurred in the preparations made to entertain the tenantry, to go for nothing: "Why put off the meeting?—Wasn't Adelaide as good an heiress as Caroline? Another sort, on my conscience! I vow and declare I think it's very hard there shouldn't be just as much made of her as the other." "But you don't consider the indelicacy of such a thing; Mrs. O'Sullivan's feel-

ings are sufficiently mortified." "Indelicacy, indeed!" retorted Theresa, sputtering, as she always did in the heat of an argument; "she knows just as much about delicacy as my foot does; and I should like to see her mortified just for her impertinence." The priest muttered something about an unchristian spirit, and rather gravely said, "If you won't listen to reason, madam, I must inform you in brief, that Mr. O'Sullivan won't suffer it; his pleasure you know is final." Theresa walked off, gesticulating with both her hands, and muttering, "Good Lord! was there ever any thing half so provoking! These men never have the least consideration, after all the trouble I have had! I'm sure I don't know what's to be done with the *loads* of things that have been got!"

The following morning Caroline did not, as usual, come to Adelaide's room. She rightly guessed she had been prohibited; but as she was proceeding to obey a message from Mr. O'Sullivan, to breakfast with him in his study, as he

was too unwell to see more than one or two people at a time, she saw the little girl leaning over the bannisters of the stairs, sobbing as if her heart would break. "What's the matter, my darling?" said she, taking her fondly in her arms. "Unkind Adele!" sobbed out the afflicted child, "I wouldn't have hurt you for the world; and mama says you're my bitterest enemy. This is a dismal birthday to me; mama's going away, and I shall never see you again, Adele; and nobody loves me but you." Here the poor child, throwing her arms about her friend's neck, cried bitterly. "Dearest little Caroline, every body loves you." "No, no, Adele, my heart will break when I leave you." "We will not part," said Adelaide, straining her to her heart; "come with me." And taking Caroline to her grandfather, she placed her on his knee, and drew forth a repetition of her artless tale. "Mr. Dermoody has told me," said the generous girl, "that you have changed your intentions in her favour. How it would grieve me to

injure her prospects! I am amply provided for; I do not desire any increase of fortune; all my heart requires is some being whom I may *securely* love and be cherished by; and in you is not all this granted? Look at this little angel, and pity her, my dear parent. Oh! her heart will be either broken, or I should never forgive myself the destruction of this lovely creature, whom Providence has, I trust, employed me to save. On condition of your giving her your estate, I'm sure her mother would resign her to my charge till her minority expires." "Adelaide," said the old man, whilst the tears stood in her eyes, "you are as like your mother in mind as in person. Till now I thought no mortal could be as perfect as she was. Caroline shall stay with us, if I can accomplish it. My estate I cannot, will not, give her; but I have much to bestow besides, which I will offer her mother, on the conditions you mention." He proceeded immediately to Mrs. O'Sullivan, to execute this benevolent commission. Pride, and some

remains of natural affection, made her hesitate to accept his offers. She retired to consult her elder children, and promised to return an answer in an hour. When she informed them of Mr. O'Sullivan's proposition, Mr. Webberly said, "As far as a few thousands goes, I have no objection to humour the old Don; and Caroline would be welcome to live with us. You needn't fret, mother; if this new heiress marries me, isn't the estate ours after all?" "That's true, so it is, Jack; you'd best make her an offer with all speed." "Do, brother," said Miss Cecilia Webberly, with an eagerness that little accorded with her usual languid delivery; "as I understand the matter, you'd be nephew to Lord Osselstone, and then Meely and I would be *fier ton.*" When Mr. Webberly went in search of Miss Wildenheim, he was told she was in her own room, and could not be seen. "What was to be done?" As there was no time to lose, it was then settled in the family conclave, that Mrs. O'Sullivan should endeavour to gain admit-

tance to the lady, who was now, like Dr. Lenitive's mistress, possessed of "ten thousand charms," for the purpose of *soliciting* that hand for her son, which four and twenty hours before she had so openly disdained!

When she entered, Adelaide naturally supposing she came on no very friendly errand, received her with a curtsy of the most repulsive dignity; and with a cold gravity of manner, that made her visitor feel she had undertaken a commission she should find great difficulty in executing. She fluttered, and coloured, and hemmed, and played with the costly seals of the watch she always ostentatiously wore on the most conspicuous part of her person, till Adelaide, advancing towards her, said, "May I beg to know your commands, Madam? I own, I scarcely expected the honor of this visit." "Why, Miss Wildenheim, I just vanted to speak to you about my little Carline." "I shall be happy to hear any thing you have to say regarding my dear Caroline, Madam: will you do me the favour to

sit down?" Adelaide, taking a chair opposite to the one on which Mrs. O'Sullivan deposited herself, fixed her dark eyes attentively on her face, whilst the former, in a style and dialect that almost conquered her command of countenance, proposed that she should not only take charge of Caroline, but commit herself to the guidance of Mr. Webberly. Offering her as a *douceur*, to have all her *grandfather's* estate settled on herself; and also half the sum he intended to give Caroline; and promising moreover to "make Jack a fit husband for ere a duchess in the land." The astonished girl, rather doubting her ability to fulfil this latter gracious promise, and highly amused by the attempt to bribe her with Mr. O'Sullivan's fortune, replied, as soon as she could speak with proper decorum of feature and tone, "I cannot pretend to say that I have not perceived the polite attentions which Mr. Webberly has been in the habit of favouring me with; you will, I hope, Madam, do me the justice to acknow-

ledge that I have never encouraged them: you might have been spared much unnecessary uneasiness, if you had looked on my conduct with unprejudiced eyes; for, (pardon me, Mrs. O'Sullivan,) your son was not a man that I could, under any circumstances, have married. I should not make these observations, but that I am anxious you should understand, that the occurrences of yesterday have made no change in my sentiments; and though—" "Forget and forgive ought to be the word amongst *friends*," hastily interrupted her auditor. "Some things I *cannot* forget," returned Adelaide; "I can never forget, that you are the widow of an uncle from whom I received so much affectionate kindness; nor, that to yourself I owe many personal obligations, for affording me an asylum in my hour of adversity, when I had none other to fly to!" And then, in all the winning charms of her captivating manner, she held out her hand, saying, "Though I cannot consent to any nearer connexion, whenever you are

inclined to consider yourself my aunt, I shall be happy to show you the duty of a niece."

Mrs. O'Sullivan, quite overcome, said, "You were always a good girl; I wasn't as kind to you as I ought to have been, but—" "I do not wonder," interrupted Adelaide, "that you should have been inclined to dislike me; it was very natural, under all the circumstances; but we are quite cordial now; so pray don't distress me, by referring to a period when you were less my friend than at this moment. If you will confide in me, so far as to resign Caroline to my care, I shall owe you an everlasting obligation." "I will leave her with you," replied the poor woman, bursting into tears; "for I know you will breed her up to be more dutiful to me than the rest; but that's all my own fault. God bless you, if you make my child a comfort to me in my old age." Adelaide said every thing to console her; and Mrs. O'Sullivan, on retiring to her children, addressed her son, with "She wont have you, Jack, and I'm sorry for

it; she's the best girl in the world, after all; but your cousin, Hannah Leatherby, is a sweet cretur too." When the hour appointed for the departure of the Webberly family arrived, Caroline, while she held fast hold of Adelaide with one hand, lest she should be torn from her, clung with the other to "her own mama," weeping to part with her; and perhaps, if her mother had not been hurried away by her elder daughters, she could not have withstood this demonstration of her child's awakened affection; but they took care she should not have time to reflect on what she was doing. Adelaide and her quondam guardian separated in perfect amity, but the Miss Webberlys to the last kept up their envious dislike, and scarcely curtsied whilst they refused her offered hand. Their brother, on the contrary, could not conceal his sorrow, as he bid her good bye; and, touched by it, she cordially shook his hand, and with much sincerity, wishing him every happiness, thanked him for the good-natured attention he had

always shown her. When Miss Fitzcarril saw him depart, she said to herself, "Well, well! Judy Stewart didn't spey it *all* right, after all; but, to be sure, *winter* is not come yet!" At the moment in which Mrs. O'Sullivan made the reflection with which this chapter commences, Colonel Desmond rode past, and her son's spirits were not much enlivened, as he pictured to himself his mission to Ballinamoyle, and its probable success.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile.
CYMBELINE.

ABOUT the time of Adelaide's arrival at Ballinamoyle, Lord Osselstone and Augustus sailed from Dover, and took the direct road to Brussels, intending to stay in the principal towns through which their route lay, as long as would afford them opportunity of seeing such curiosities as principally deserved their attention. From Brussels they proceeded to Liege, and stopping a few days at Spa, crossed to Bonn, and from thence enjoyed the delightful scenery which the banks of the Rhine presented. The melancholy with which the remembrance of his brother was connected in the Earl's mind, threw a softened shade of sadness

on his manners, which perhaps won more on the affections of his nephew, than the most brilliant sallies of wit or imagination could have done. For every sigh that escaped Lord Osselstone found an echo in the heart of Augustus. The concentrated susceptibility of his natural disposition, and the peculiar turn of his education, had equally contributed to give a stability to his feelings, beyond what his age would have promised: impressions made on a mind so formed were not easily to be effaced; as the marble, though impervious to slight incisions, if once impressed, loses the form but with its own existence.

He had never known the endearing cares of a sister,—never had enjoyed the blessing of maternal smiles. In Selina Seymour alone all his first affections were centred, and as his matured reason watched her opening charms, his judgment sanctioned his love.

It was true, that in the vortex of dissipation into which she had lately been been plunged, he had found something

to reprove in her manners, and a great deal to deplore in her conduct to himself; yet with the lenity which belongs to true affection, he sought excuses for what he most condemned; and though with the resignation of despondency he had given up all hope of being dear to her, he did not endeavour to discover flaws in the chrysolite, because the precious jewel was not to grace his coronet. But the contending emotions of his soul preyed on his health; and in his faded cheek and saddened brow Lord Osselstone read the too plain indications of a grief smothered, but not subdued.

It was towards the end of July when the travellers reached Bonn, and the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of that town, where they first saw the Rhine, tempted them to prolong their stay in it for some days. At length however they pursued their journey, and as the weather was sultry, preferred travelling in the cool of the evening. The shades of night are however little adapted to German roads or German drivers.

They had scarcely traversed half the distance between Andernach and Coblentz, when their postillions carelessly drove against the roots of a tree, and overturned the carriage. Fortunately neither of the gentlemen received any injury, but the accident occasioned a considerable delay, as the carriage was much shattered, and they were obliged considerably to lighten it of its luggage, before it could reassume its proper position. At last, after the drivers had indulged themselves in a variety of oaths and ejaculations, and the two gentlemen, aided by their servants, had made use of more effectual means of repairing the disaster, they were enabled to proceed, though at a greatly retarded pace; and at last reached Coblentz, without further accident.

The master of the hotel, but too happy to receive once more "*Des milors Anglais*" as his guests, with alacrity provided them the best supper his house could afford, and the Earl and Augustus were congratulating each other on their

escape, when the door suddenly opened, and Lord Osselstone's gray-headed valet burst into the room, rage and dismay struggling for pre-eminence in his countenance; "There, my Lord," bellowed he, "there, I knew how it would be. I told you you'd get no good by travelling in this damned country: they have robbed you; they have stolen it, that's all;" and he was leaving the room with as much precipitation as he had entered it, when his master called him back, to inquire calmly what was lost. "Only your red box, that I know you wouldn't part with for a thousand pounds." In an instant, to Augustus's inexpressible astonishment, he beheld Lord Osselstone's countenance convulsed with contending passions — he started up, and seizing the trembling old man by the collar, "Find it, find it, villain, or never see me more," said he, in a voice of thunder; and with one thrust pushed him out of the door. Then holding his burning forehead with both his hands, he traversed the room with hurried steps, and soon

retired precipitately to his own chamber. This scene was perfectly incomprehensible to Augustus; but instead of bewildering himself in conjecture, he, with his usual promptitude, immediately exerted himself to repair the loss which so much agitated his uncle. Conceiving it possible the box might have fallen out of the carriage when it was overturned, he instantly dispatched one of the postillions in search of it, offering a large reward for its recovery. After about two hours of suspense, during which time he did not venture to intrude on the Earl, the messenger returned with the lost treasure, which was almost broken to pieces. Augustus however joyfully seizing it, hastened with it to his uncle, who opened the door, and snatched it from him in silence. But the box was so shattered that in doing so the bottom of it gave way, and most of its contents, consisting principally of letters, fell to the floor. A miniature case rolled to some distance, and lay open on the ground. Augustus ran to pick it up, but on viewing it, ex-

claimed abruptly, " Good God! my mother! this surely is a copy of the portrait of her my father left me;" and turning with an inquiring look to Lord Osselstone, he perceived his lip trembling with emotion, the cold drops of agony bursting from his forehead, and his frenzied eyes fixed on Mordaunt, with an expression which made him shudder. " Audacious boy!" at last muttered the earl, in the deep tone of smothered passion, " how dare you seek to know the sorrows of my heart?" Augustus, pitying his evident suffering, approached him, and laying his hand on his, with involuntary affection, said, " I do not seek to know them, I only wish to soothe them: consider me as a friend, as a son, who—" " Son!" exclaimed Lord Osselstone, shrinking from him with horror; " Son! God of Heaven! do I live to hear the child of Emma Dormer mock me with the name of father? leave me," continued he sternly, " and never again blast me with your presence. Fool, fool that I have been to cherish the viper that

stings my heart; your cradle was the grave of my happiness; and you have but lived to fester the wounds your parents made." Indignant at such unmerited reproaches, Mordaunt hastened to leave the room, but turning to take a parting look at his last surviving relation, who thus spurned him, he beheld the man, whose calm unbending dignity had so often awed the wondering crowd, trembling with unconquerable feelings, whilst the scalding tears chased each other down his face. He stopped—"I cannot leave you thus," said he; "to-morrow will be time enough to part." Lord Osselstone turned towards him in silence. The look was not to be misunderstood; and in an instant Augustus was pressed to his bosom. A long pause ensued. At last the Earl, wringing Mordaunt's hand; "Augustus!" said he, "I believe you sincere in the regard you profess for me: but beware of deceiving me." He stopped to recover himself, then proceeded, in a hurried tone: "When I was about your age,

with a heart as warm as yours is now, and feelings even more susceptible, I fixed my affections on Emma Dormer. I believed her mind as faultless as her person; and loved her to adoration. She pretended to return my passion; and her father was happy, nay eager, to see her share my title and fortune. The time was fixed for our marriage; but two days before the one appointed for it, she eloped with the man she had the cruelty to tell me was her first, her only love. My own brother was my rival!" A deep groan burst from the Earl; at length, he continued, "I never saw her afterwards; though, when her extravagance and my brother's dissipation hurried them into ruin, she often wrote to me, *yes, to me*, for assistance; and I have the satisfaction of thinking, that I relieved the wretchedness of her who plunged my life in misery. She died four years afterwards, and my brother survived her but ten months. Even in death he wronged me; for, mistrusting my feelings towards you, he chose Sir Henry Seymour for

your guardian. When I first saw you, Augustus, your hated likeness to both your parents froze my blood. When you came to Oxford, I was a constant though secret observer of your actions; and, prejudiced as I was, I thought I saw in your youthful follies and marked alienation from myself, the errors of your father's character hereditary in yours. Accident and time changed my opinion of you; and, contrary to my predetermination, nay, even against my inclination, my heart has once more been open to feelings of interest and affection; if I am again betrayed —— however the poison will find its own antidote. Now, Augustus, good night.—Yet, one word more.—I charge you, as you value my friendship, as you regard my peace, never recur to this subject again—never recall the occurrences of this night."

It would be impossible to describe the various feelings this recital occasioned in the heart of Augustus. He retired to rest, but his thoughts were en-

tirely engrossed by the Earl; and while he shuddered at the duplicity and ingratitude of his parents, he bitterly lamented his own precipitancy, which had led him so much to misjudge his uncle's character. When however they met the next morning, all trace of the storm had vanished. The surface of the wave, that had so lately been agitated almost to fury, was again calmly bright, if not transparent. Augustus could almost have believed the scene of the night before was but a vision of his distempered fancy, had it not been for the silent and almost imperceptible pressure of his hand, which accompanied his uncle's first salutation.

One other change was also apparent. They had scarcely commenced breakfast, when Lord Osselstone sent for his valet, to desire him to make some other coffee, as his Lordship had just recollected that he always preferred what he prepared to any other. The alacrity with which the old man obeyed the command, showed how much he valued

the compliment thus paid to the very point of his character on which he most valued himself, next to his talent for arranging full-bottomed periwigs, which he always contended were the most becoming dresses ever invented for young gentlemen. When he returned with the coffee, "There," said he, with a look of triumph, "I have taken pains with that, and you'll find it ten times better than these jabbering Frenchmen can make, here in the heart of Germany; but you'll get nothing fit to eat till you get back to Old England; I always told you so." His expostulations were however unavailing, as the travellers pursued their journey towards Vienna, where they arrived in the beginning of September. Not the most distant allusion was made by either to the confidence Lord Osselstone had reposed in Augustus, though the almost indefinable tokens of increased kindness, that now marked the Earl's manner to his companion, showed that, however painful the communication had been at first, yet his grief in being

shared was lightened. As when the soft breath of spring dissolves the icy chain that binds the torrent, though it may at first burst in desolating fury, yet its streams gradually subside in peace, and glide in smoother currents, blessed and blessing on their way.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

Could I, not prizing thee, give thee my hand,
I should despise myself—and how not prize thee?

LLOYD.

IMMEDIATELY on their arrival at Vienna, Lord Osselstone commenced his researches after his brother; and, through the active exertions of the gentleman who had formerly been Reginald's banker, first ascertained the existence of Adelaide, and also other testimony concerning her and her father, that served most satisfactorily to corroborate the intelligence that now reached him from Ballinamoyle, as Mr. O'Sullivan, even more anxious than Adelaide herself to receive the sanction of Lord Osselstone for the child of his beloved Rose, had prevailed on Mr. Dermoody to be himself the

bearer of the letters addressed to the Earl; and the venerable priest, with unwearied zeal, followed the travellers from London to Vienna, where he finally was more than rewarded for his anxiety by the cordiality and readiness with which both his Lordship and Augustus acknowledged her claims.

The purpose for which Lord Osselstone had undertaken this journey being thus accomplished, though in a very unexpected manner, he and Augustus immediately prepared to return to England, both anxious to be introduced as relatives to Adelaide, whom Augustus recollected having admired when he only knew her as the ward of Mrs. Sullivan, but for whom he now already felt the partiality of a cousin; and his description of her elegant person and captivating manners prepossessed Lord Osselstone in her favour, even more than the exaggerated, though sincere encomiums of Father Dermoody. He willingly accepted the Earl's proposal to accompany them back to London in his carriage,

from whence it was settled he should hasten home for the purpose of escorting Adelaide to Osselstone House, provided she accepted her uncle's invitation of coming to reside with him for a few months, and that Mr. O'Sullivan could be prevailed upon to part with her. When they reached Calais, they found a packet ready to sail by the following tide for Dover, in which they secured their passage; and Mr. Dermoody meantime profited by the opportunity afforded him by a few hours' delay, of visiting some of his early friends; whilst the Earl and Augustus beguiled their time in reading a variety of English newspapers of different dates, which their host procured for them.

They had not very long been thus engaged, when Lord Osselstone's attention was attracted by the evident agitation of Augustus, who, starting with a convulsive shudder, threw down the paper he was reading, and paced up and down the room with quick and uneven steps. Lord Osselstone glanced his eye on the reject-

ed newspaper, and immediately attributed his emotion to the following paragraph:

"Viscount Eltondale left town this morning for Deane Hall, preparatory to the celebration of his Lordship's nuptials with its lovely and accomplished heiress."

For some minutes he only expressed by looks his commiseration for his nephew's feelings; but at length addressing him, "I own," said he, "I did not expect Lady Eltondale would have succeeded in her designs on Miss Seymour. I watched her closely and unremittingly while in London, and from some trifling circumstances I was led to believe, she would have made a far different choice. But my dear boy," continued he, with parental kindness, "though we have both been deceived, your misery is not aggravated as mine was. Do not despond; if Selina was capable of being either the tool or the dupe of Lady Eltondale, she was unworthy of you. Perhaps it is all for the best; perhaps the

charming Adelaide you already so much admire, may yet repay you for all your sufferings." Though Augustus was incapable of receiving consolation, or listening even to reason at the first moment, yet he could not long remain insensible to the deep interest Lord Osselstone's looks and manner evinced; and in unburthening to him his whole soul, he felt a temporary relief from the grief that oppressed him; and thus, from a strange coincidence of circumstances and similarity of situation, the only confidant of his passion, except Mr. Temple, was the very man whose usual impenetrability of character repulsed all intimacy, and forbid even approach. Augustus, feeling the impossibility of communicating, even by letter, with Lord Eltondale on the subject of Selina's property, determined immediately to resign his charge as trustee, and was no less impatient for their arrival in London than his companions, in hopes, if possible, of anticipating in that respect the hated marriage. The very evening on which they reached

town, Augustus hastened to Portman-square, to inquire whether his Lordship were still at Deane. He there learned that the Viscount had left it a few days before; and the servant, with agonizing precision, informed him, that orders had that day been received for the house in town being without delay put in order, as his Lordship expected to be married immediately, and he believed he was then at Eltondale, making similar preparations. Poor Augustus scarcely heard the concluding sentence, and returned to Lord Osselstone in a state almost of distraction. "I will go myself to Deane to-night," said he; most of the papers are there in my bureau. I may get in time to deliver them to Mr. Temple before Lord Eltondale returns there.—It will be my last visit."

In prosecution of this plan, Augustus left London that night in the York mail; and such was his agitated impatience, that he scarcely thought even that conveyance sufficiently rapid. Anxious to avoid being either recognized or impeded in

passing through the village of Deane, he alighted from the mail at a few miles distance from that place, and by a more unfrequented road entered the Park at one of the most retired gates. His feelings rose to agony as he again viewed all the well-known haunts of his infancy; and more especially when he recollected, that nearly at the same time the year before he had returned thither, to receive the dying benediction of the kind-hearted Sir Henry. Wishing to escape these sad remembrances, and desirous, if possible, to fly even from himself, he sprang forward, and darting into a neighbouring grove, was scarcely conscious of his near approach to the house. A rustling in the trees at last attracted his attention, and he turned towards the place from whence it came. In a few moments he perceived his favourite dog Carlo bounding towards him, and in an instant the faithful creature lay panting at his feet. A little basket, filled with chesnuts, was hung round his neck, in which, in former days, the dog had often carried the flowers

Selina used to gather in their rambles. But almost before Augustus could caress him, Selina's voice calling "Carlo," thrilled to his heart, and springing from behind a fence with no less activity than the truant animal she pursued, she stood beside him like a bright vision of former days. "Selina!" "Augustus!" each exclaimed at once, and looks more eloquent than words told their mutual feelings.

But soon Selina endeavoured by language also to express her pleasure at once more beholding Mordaunt; and, forgetting at the moment all her disappointments, all her resentment for his apparent neglects, she gave her cordial and artless welcome with unembarrassed joy. Not so Augustus. Her unconcern he attributed to indifference, her evident happiness to her approaching marriage; and thus to his distempered judgment her vivacity almost appeared an insult. Selina quickly and resentfully perceived the coldness of his manners, and turning her head aside to hide the starting tears,

invited him, with formal politeness, to accompany her to the house. But there the delighted Mrs. Galton was waiting to receive Augustus. She had seen him from the windows, and hastened to express her happiness at once more beholding him. The faithful old servants crowded round to bid him welcome. All congratulated him on his return to Deane, except its mistress. "And where has Selina flown to?" exclaimed Mrs. Galton; "we shall no doubt find her in her favourite room. Come, Augustus, I will introduce you, though you are already acquainted with it." His heart palpitated as he followed her through the well-known cedar hall, and up the massy staircase he so well remembered. But what were his emotions when she led him into what was once their school-room, and had been afterwards his own study! Selina had fitted it up with every elegance of modern improvement, arranged with her own peculiar taste, and in it she had assembled her various occupations of work, drawing, music, and books. When

they entered, she was herself standing at a writing-table; her bonnet lay beside her, and her luxuriant hair, discomposed by her race, fell in loose ringlets on her shoulders; whilst the tear of wounded feeling stood on her beaming cheek. Augustus stopped, and casting his eyes around the altered room, "Is *this* your favourite apartment, Selina?" said he, while love, joy, and gratitude glowed in his countenance. "I sometimes sit here to enjoy the morning sun," answered she, blushing deeply; whilst his ardent and penetrating gaze increased her confusion. At last withdrawing the glance that evidently distressed her, his eye rested on the bronze *garde de feuille*, which represented Carlo. He took it up, and was examining it attentively, when Selina, with an expression of pique, observed, "That is scarcely worth looking at, Mr. Mordaunt; it is as trifling as the donor; I really forgot both, or I should not have kept it here;" and with an air of unusual dignity she left the room. "Incomprehensible girl!" ex-

claimed Mordaunt, after a pause. "Tell me, Mrs. Galton, what am I to understand?" "Nothing," said she, "but that Selina refused Mr. Sedley, who gave her that dog: for the same reason she has since refused Lord Eltondale." "Refused Lord Eltondale?" repeated Augustus, quite bewildered. "Yes;" replied Mrs. Galton, "his Lordship came here express, hoping to say *Veni, vidi, vici*; and proposed himself to Selina before he was three days in the house. Of course, even if she had been actuated by no other motive, she would have declined a proposal that could only be for her fortune, and she accordingly refused it almost with resentment. Lady Eltondale manœuvred, and stormed, and raved, but to no purpose; and finally, much to our satisfaction, set off for Brighton." Mrs. Galton might have continued her discourse *ad infinitum*. Augustus had turned to the window to conceal his emotion. There he caught a glimpse of Selina passing towards the shrubbery; seizing his hat, he rushed

past Mrs. Galton, exclaiming, "There she is!" She smiled, and took up her book; but anxiety scarcely permitted her to comprehend one word of its contents. At length, after an absence of two hours, which to her appeared an age, and to them a second, Selina and Augustus returned arm in arm. Mrs. Galton looked up through her spectacles, and guessing the result of their conversation from Selina's blushes and Mordaunt's countenance, "Thank God!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands, whilst the tears rolled down her cheeks, "I have lived to see my two dear children happy!"

Lord Osselstone was scarcely less rejoiced than Mrs. Galton, at receiving Mordaunt's letter, informing him of Selina's having promised him her hand. In his answer to it he said, "I have myself written to the very charming niece you are going to bestow on me, to express a part of the joy I feel on the occasion; but as I have much more to say on the subject, will you obtain her permission

for me to pay my compliments to her and Mrs. Galton, in person, at Deane Hall, when I hope to make my peace with Miss Seymour, for having told you the story of Carlo's portrait, as you have no doubt already obtained her forgiveness for obtruding his little bronze duplicate into her cabinet."

CHAPTER XX.

J'ai vu beaucoup d'hymens, aucuns d'eux ne me
tentent,
Cependant des humains presque les quatre parts
S'exposent hardiment au plus grand des hasards,
Les quatre parts aussi des humains se repentent*,

LA FONTAINE.

To return to Ballinamoyle:——One day Mr. O'Sullivan was sitting in his study, examining some old family writings, and, rather wearied with his task, was not displeased to hear that familiar knock at his room door, which announces the approach of a friend. "Pray come in," said he: "Oh, Edward, is it you? I am happy to see you." "I should not

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* Many weddings have I seen,
By none of them I'm tempted;
Yet still full three fourths of mankind
Incur the risk—and still we find
Full three fourths have repented.

have intruded into this *sanctum sancto-rum*," replied Colonel Desmond; "but that I have in vain visited the library, and the parlour, and the drawing-room, without seeing a living creature, except the great dog who is lying asleep before the fire in the breakfast-room; and yet when Phelim took my horse, he said you were all at home." "That only means," rejoined Mr. O'Sullivan, laughing, "that with the aid of a telescope you might be able to discover all the party within a circuit of two or three miles: any thing on this side Tuberdonny he calls home. Miss Fitzcarril and Caroline are gone to cure Mrs. Cassady with some infallible remedy for the rheumatism; and Adelaide has rode with Mr. Dermoody, to see a curious ruin, that attracted his notice as he came from visiting a sick penitent yesterday. But it is late," continued he, looking at an old fashioned time-piece that stood on a bracket over the fire-place; "they will soon return."

In the conversation which ensued, Colonel Desmond appeared extremely

absent, answering "Yes," or "No," at random to Mr. O'Sullivan's various inquiries; and his usual florid complexion was much heightened as at every little noise he looked towards the door, or eagerly gazed out of the window. At last Adelaide's mellifluous voice met his ear, gaily singing one of the cadences of that exquisite strain of Guglielmi's:

Del mio sen la dolce calma liete eventi al cor predice,
Son contento son felice, altro il cor bramar non sa.

He started up, but the melody had ceased, and he was again disappointed in his expectation of seeing her, for she had entered at the back of the house, and crossing one of the halls, ascended the stair-case which led to her own apart ment. "Lovely creature!" exclaimed he. "She is indeed a lovely girl," replied the delighted old man; I never knew but one her equal. Do you know, Desmond, I am quite happy, now I feel that the evening of my days will go down n peace. But," continued he, after a short pause," I shall feel rather dull at

first after Adelaide leaves me." "Leaves you, my dear Sir!—when! where!" "She goes next week to her uncle Lord Osselstone. Dermoody has strongly impressed me with the necessity of this step; and indeed the only reparation her father's family can now make for the wrongs of my poor Rose, is to show the world they are proud of her child. Lord Osselstone, as the most public acknowledgement he can make of his niece, is anxious to have her presented as soon as possible; until something of this sort is done, a shade of doubt might hang over her birth, which my pride could not brook. We only wait till the last formalities have been gone through, to enable her to bear the name of Wildenheim in England. It appears that her father requested Lord Osselstone to use his interest to have this accomplished in the letters we sent to Vienna. It is certainly most prudent; for her dropping the appellation by which she has been known to so many people abroad, whom she may probably meet in London, would call forth much

distressing inquiry." "And what have Miss Wildenheim's own wishes been respecting this journey?" eagerly demanded Colonel Desmond. "Notwithstanding her anxiety to see her uncle, I could scarcely prevail on her to leave me till the winter was over. She said I should miss her less in summer, when I could go out—Oh how like her mother she is! I at last represented, that a thousand unforeseen events might prevent her ever again visiting her uncle; and that her acceptance of his present kindness was due to the memory of her father. She then consented, for she loves that father as much as——poor Rose loved him." The gentlemen were both silent a few moments, when Colonel Desmond said in a hurried tone, "No doubt with *her* charms, fortune, and connections, she will make a splendid alliance; you will rejoice——"—"Rejoice!" interrupted his auditor, "what to have her heart broken by some fashionable profligate like——No, Edward, my utmost wish would be to see her married to one of

my own countrymen, who would not only be a fond husband to her, but, by residing here, would also prove a bountiful landlord to the poor people, who for so many years have stood in the place of children to me." "Is it possible?" said Colonel Desmond, seizing his hand, whilst his countenance brightened with his new-born happiness; "Is it possible, my dearest friend, you could be inclined to favour the wishes—alas! I dare scarcely call them hopes—of one who has nothing but a devoted heart and an honourable name to offer." "Edward," replied the old man, "your virtues would render you worthy the acceptance of an Empress; my happiness would be inexpressible to see you her husband. Would to God I had bestowed her mother on such a man!"

In a few minutes Colonel Desmond was conducted by O'Sullivan to Miss Wildenheim's sitting-room; and when the anxious parent retired, pleaded his passion with love's own eloquence. Adelaide, much agitated, moved almost to

tears, which she could scarcely restrain as she spoke, expressed her esteem, her gratitude, for his long-continued kindness—her regard for him as her father's friend, as her own: yet concluded by saying, "An insuperable obstacle divides us; generously spare me the distressing recital wherefore. I implore your forgiveness if my conduct has unintentionally deceived you." "No, no," interrupted he, "you twice before conveyed your sentiments to me in a manner I could not mistake; but I have acted like an idiot—nothing has deceived me but my cursed folly and presumption." "Oh, do not say so," exclaimed Adelaide, with earnest kind anxiety to soothe his wounded feelings; my judgment tells me, that, of all men living, I should be happiest with you, if my affections——" The sentence remained unfinished; but her swimming eyes and mournful tones were sufficiently expressive.

Colonel Desmond instantly retired, for he was too noble-minded to pain her feelings by further solicitation, and much too

proud to have accepted her pity in place of her love. As he passed through the hall, he met his venerable friend, and pressing his hand, said, "Your kindness is of no avail. Melicent will now be my only consolation. When you are alone, you shall see me again;" then drawing down his hat over his brows, hastily left the house.

Mr. O'Sullivan proceeded to Adelaide, and sorrowfully remonstrated with her on her rejection of his friend. To satisfy his feelings, and justify herself, she detailed all the circumstances that related to her regard for Frederick Elton. "But, my dear parent," said she in conclusion, "this attachment, once so strong in my father's sanction and my own feelings, is now inert; if, as is most probable, he has bestowed his affections elsewhere, I trust I am too just to resent, too proud to repine. All I exacted from him, and promised for myself, was complete forgetfulness. I thought I had succeeded, but, forgive my weakness, every word Colonel Desmond spoke recalled the

idea of Frederick from the oblivion I had condemned it to. We will never mention his name again, my dear Sir." She faltered, and throwing her arms about her grandfather's neck, wept bitterly. When again composed, she continued, "I know you think I ought to struggle against this romantic folly; believe me I do, I always have; never, even to my beloved father, did I expose the weakness of my heart as I have this day to you. For the last two years I have divorced myself from my own feelings, and my mind has dwelt with the thoughts of others. Time will do much; but I have not that ardent affection for Colonel Desmond necessary to make either of us happy." "I do not now wish, my dearest child, to influence your choice," replied O'Sullivan; "but his affection for you is unbounded, and with the high estimation you hold his character in, you could not fail to return it in time." "I fear, my dear Sir," said Adelaide, "that to have any rational expectation of happiness in marriage, a woman ought rather to depend on the

love she feels for a man, than on his for her, as on her own sentiments alone she can depend with certainty. But I, of all my sex, have surely the least temptation to marry, who am so happy as a daughter. My future husband, whoever he may be," said she, with assumed gravity, "will have small reason to thank you for your indulgence; none of the lords of the creation will ever again treat such a little undeserving subject with the same lenity." The old man kissed her affectionately, and forbore any further solicitation for his friend.

On the day preceding that fixed for Adelaide's departure, she was sitting with her grandfather, examining the route he had traced out for her, and promising obedience to his injunctions not to catch cold: "I would not have Lord Osselstone see you for the first time with red eyes, swelled nose, and chopped lips, not for half the barony of Aughrakillynch; and I beg you won't wear any of the trumpery Mrs. O'Sullivan bought you in London last summer, but put on my fa-

vourite black satin dress you brought from Naples; you look like a queen in that. You said you'd wear it to-day, dear. God knows if ever I shall——" The accents died on his lips, and, ringing the bell with agitated vehemence, he ordered Miss Wildenheim's new travelling carriage to be driven round the ring in front of the house, that he might see how it ran. The trampling of horses soon announced the approach of the carriage. "Adelaide, dear, look for the seal you gave me, that I may see if the arms are done right," said Mr. O'Sullivan, who, in the mean time, went to the window to look out, exclaiming an instant afterwards, "It was well I had it round, that lazy rascal Phelim has never cleaned it since it came; it is splashed all over! And what the devil has he been doing with my horses—they are jaded to death! Hey day! who have we got here? Why, Adelaide, there's the handsomest young man I ever saw has opened the door for himself from the inside, and jumped out actually before the horses stopped."

At that instant she heard her own name pronounced in the hall, by a voice which thrilled to her heart, as she instantly recognized it to be that of the handsomest young man *she* ever saw. She flew towards the door, but if with an intention to escape, was too late, for the stranger entered at the same instant, and seizing both her hands, presented Frederick to her view!

Her first emotion was that of delighted surprise; joy sparkled in her eyes, and irradiated her whole figure. His looks, his tones, his incoherent words, betrayed his inexpressible feelings. Mr. O'Sullivan stood gazing on the youthful pair in mute astonishment. Adelaide, in a few minutes recollecting herself, turned towards him, and, covered with blushes, introduced "Mr. Elton;" and, whilst the gentlemen were making their bows, retired from the room, but so lightly and swiftly made good her retreat, that till she was out of hearing, they did not perceive she had attempted it. The old man looked on Frederick with the deep-

est emotion, for Adelaide had turned to him with the same melting glance that Rose first entreated his approval of her beloved Reginald. Too much agitated to speak, "thought on thought rolled over his soul," impressing their melancholy seriousness on his countenance. Lord Eltondale, though a man of fashion, and a man of the world, was no coxcomb, and could feel embarrassed sometimes, as on the present occasion, when his eyes rested on the venerable figure that, excited by the feeling of the moment, rose from the slight bend with which age and sorrow usually tempered its commanding loftiness; and, with the dignity that fancy lends to the chieftains of ancient story, stood tacitly demanding explanation and apology. Frederick felt indescribably awed, and, with a feeling of painful confusion, wished himself out of the house, almost as earnestly as he had but a few minutes before wished himself in it. After making one or two more profound bows than were absolutely necessary, he stooped to pick up his hat

from the floor, where he had dropped it at the sight of Adelaide, and then, with his colour nearly as much heightened as hers had been, addressing Mr. O'Sullivan, said, "I know not what apology to offer for this abrupt intrusion, Sir; will you pardon it, and permit me to pay my compliments to you and Miss Wildenheim to-morrow morning?" Mr. O'Sullivan's national and characteristic hospitality quickly banished the involuntary repugnance with which he had at first regarded the unexpected visitor, nor indeed could he long look with coldness on a countenance illuminated by his beloved grandchild's smiles; and therefore, on being thus addressed, extended his hand in sign of cordial welcome, whilst he replied, "Willingly, Sir, on the condition that you remain here to-night. I should be guilty of little less than homicide in suffering you to drive over those mountains again this evening;—'tis almost dark at this instant." "Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my dear Sir!" exclaimed Lord Eltondale, if

possible still more grateful for the manner in which it was granted, than for the much-coveted permission itself. "Could you but know the happiness your invitation gives me. I see you can pity the feelings of a young man." "I can *pity* them," said O'Sullivan, smiling. "When I know you better, young gentleman, I will tell you whether I wish to encourage them. In the mean time I consider you only as my guest; and in that light, Sir, you are heartily welcome to Ballinamoyle." Mr. O'Sullivan soon terminated the forced conversation which then took place between him and his guest, by offering to have the latter conducted to his room to change his boots before dinner, which proposition was willingly accepted.

All the family party had reassembled in the drawing room, with the exception of Miss Wildenheim, when her maid came to inform her dinner would be served immediately; she looked once more in the glass, to see if the profuse expenditure of rose water she had in-

dulged in had been effectual in effacing all traces of tears; for she was perhaps not less anxious to avoid appearing before Frederick "with red eyes, and a swelled nose," than her grandfather was that she should not thus encounter Lord Osselstone. When she entered the drawing room, O'Sullivan smiled with pleasure, to see her "look like a queen," in the favourite robe, that, in many a silken fold, "giving and stealing grace," flowed round her exquisite form. Her luxuriant hair, as it wound in plaited lustre round her fair brows, seemed indeed to crown them with the diadem of beauty. But more than beauty adorned her angelic countenance; she had seen the dawn of felicity arise; its brilliant beam trembled in her soft eye, whilst its tenderest hues of roseate red tinged her cheek. As she drew near the circle, each, by some involuntary token of kindness, welcomed her approach; and the bewitching smile which played at hide and seek with her ruby lip, when she

returned the greetings of affection, at once rewarded and excited them.

But no air of pretty consciousness spoke her prepared to act "*L'Idola bella*," or that she expected Lord Eltondale to fall at her feet, and worship her at the first gracious signal. Her manner had that self-possession, which was due to her own dignity, and under which every woman of true delicacy would shroud her feelings in a similar situation. Frederick forebore, by word or look, to cause her the least confusion; he was too generous to inflict the pain of distressed modesty on the woman he loved; perhaps also his love was so deeply, so anxiously felt, that it shrunk from the gaze of other eyes than hers who excited it. Neither of them addressed the other directly, but he soon managed, with well-bred ease, to introduce general conversation, which banished all appearance of constraint.

When dinner was announced, Mr. O'Sullivan, who always insisted on giving Adelaide precedence of Miss Fitz-

carril, notwithstanding her representation of that lady's seniority, now formally requested Lord Eltondale to conduct her to the dining parlour; as her beautiful hand lay on Frederick's arm he took it in his, and would have pressed it to his heart, had not a half-reproving glance recalled to his recollection, that they were closely observed by several servants, who stood in goodly row, almost forgetting what for, in their eager scrutiny of his face and figure. Mr. O'Sullivan followed, leading Miss Fitzcarril in all the stateliness of *la vieille cour;* little Caroline skipped gaily along, playing tricks with Captain Cormac and Mr. Dermoody, whilst the former, by a wise shake of the head, prevented her touching his patron's silver locks, which were tied with a black riband, in an old fashioned tail, that reached half way down his back, and daily tempted the merry sprite's ivory fingers.

A well lighted room, with a blazing fire and an excellent dinner, made the party almost rejoice to hear the whist-

ling wind and driving showers, that foreboded a stormy night. Lord Eltondale was so overjoyed to find himself once more seated beside Adelaide, unshackled by any engagement, and almost certain of her regard, that all his former and characteristic vivacity returned; and his lively sallies infecting every body with his own gaiety, she talked to him with that flow of spirits, which her delight at seeing him naturally excited in her mind; and whilst his admiration increased every moment, she did not fail to remark, that "he was more intelligent in conversation, more elegant in manner and figure, than any man she had ever seen, except her father," who was still her model of perfection.

When the gentlemen unwillingly suffered the ladies to retire to the drawing-room, Mr. O'Sullivan called his grand-daughter to him, and as she bent her head in a listening position, her brilliant countenance confirmed the cheerful acquiescence her words conveyed to his proposal. Frederick rightly guessing it

was a request to defer her journey, as he opened the door for her to pass, said, in a low tone, with a sort of happy playful assurance in his looks, "Thank you, Adelina." She coloured, and her head was fast rising to the true altitude of feminine pride; when he, standing so as to impede her escape, without seeming to do so, whispered, "Forgive me; I presumed on former recollections; I had flattered myself the spell was broken, that separated me and happiness." One of Adelaide's enchanting smiles dissipated the uneasiness, that had quickly clouded his features.

It is not to be supposed, that all this escaped Miss Fitzcarril's notice; accordingly the drawing-room door was scarcely closed, when, with a significant wink, she proposed taking Caroline to assist her in settling her closet, when any of the gentlemen should return from the parlour, where she rightly conjectured Mr. O'Sullivan's fine claret would not long detain some of the party. Adelaide, with an imploring look, took her hand,

saying, "I entreat you, my dear Madam, if you have the least regard for me, not to think of such a thing; I would not lose your society an instant this evening for the world."

The ancient maiden understood her, but thought she was only going to do as she would be done by; and recollected, with a sigh, that this was not at all the solution she expected of Judy Stewart's prophecy.

Adelaide's journey was postponed but one day; and she soon had the happiness of finding in Lord Osselstone almost a second father in mind, manner, and person, hourly reminding her of the beloved parent, that, till she knew her uncle, she thought none on earth had ever resembled.

Amongst the young men of fashion, that now seek the smiles of "the beautiful and accomplished" (according to the technical term which designates every high-born heiress) niece of the Earl of Osselstone, none seems to meet his Lordship's approval so decidedly as

Viscount Eltondale, who, we may safely prophesy, will soon win on the regard of his Adelina's noble uncle, as much as he gained on that of her venerable grandfather, during his short visit to Ballinamoyle.

"Tant que Phillis eut un destin prospère,
Plus d'un amant lui dit d'un ton sincère,
Que vos beaux yeux
Sont gracieux,
L'amour pour eux
Fixe mes vœux,
Chaque instant redouble mes feux,
Le temps n'y peut rien faire."

THE END.

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